

THE *Wit's Journey*  
**WITS**  
PARAPHRAS'D:

OR,  
Paraphrase upon Paraphrase.

IN A  
**BURLESQUE**  
ON THE  
Several late Translations  
OF  
**Ovids Epistles.**

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Juven. Sat. 10.

*Et facilis cuivis rigidi censura cachinni.*

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LONDON:

Printed for *Will. Cademan*, at the Popes-Head in the  
*New Exchange* in the *Strand*. 1680.





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To his Super-superlative Accom-  
plish'd, and more then Thrice-  
Ingenious Friend

Mr. JULIAN,

Principal Secretary

To the

M U S E S.

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S I R,

**I** Should be too unreasonable,  
by a tedious Epistle, to divert  
you from those more weighty and  
serious

## The Epistle

*Serious Affairs wherein the greatest and most Eminent Wits of the Nation have thought you worthy to be employ'd, but that I find a mean nonsensical Preface over a Glass of Wine, without Purging or Bleeding, is not sufficient to Commend so Illaborate a Piece, without a Dedication.*

*Not that I am so much an Ape to follow the Fashion for any Fools humour, tho' it has been  
done*

## Dedicatory.

done long before me in the State  
of Ignorance, or as the Author  
calls it, Innocence, or that I am  
affected with a gaudy Frontispeice  
to a mean Building, like a Close-  
stool with a Velvet Seat larger  
then the Pan that receives the  
Excrement, or a gawdy Mifs in  
fine Cloaths, whose Out-side is of  
greater value with the Brokers  
then the whole Body: But that I  
doubt so inconsiderable a piece of  
Paper-work against the loud ro-  
bustious

## The Epistle

*bustious Wits will hardly be able to withstand the Storm without a Supporter.*

*And since I must have a Patron, to whom can I better Address myself then to one who for his singular Endowments and Eminent Qualifications, is not only of sufficient Abilities himself, but hath (as he justly merits) the whole Strength of the Nation for his Support.*

*Be:*

## Dedicatory.

*Besides were I not obliged, on the account of your extraordinary Bounty, who have from time to time so plentifully stored me with all the Rubbish of the Age, to give you the Tribute of my mean Talent, I ought in Civility to beg your Pardon for Monopolizing upon your property, besides your Apollogie to all our Friends for the Errata's of the Press, which you would not forgive the meanest Hackney without*

The Epistle  
out a Broad-side of Curses.

I must confess they are your Right, and you might have made that Advantage of them in single Sheets which I never expected to make of the Impression.

But I hope you, whom the wiser Fundaments have thought fit to make their Scavenger, will not leave this sudden motion a Nuisance to the vulgar Multitude

## Dedicatory.

*titude, but preserve it from their  
Violence, till, like the rest of your  
former Collections, it comes to  
the best hands, and if it serves  
them in its proper use, it shall be  
acknowledged a favour beyond the  
Merit of*

Your most Divoted Friend

and Humble Servant

*M. T.*





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THE  
PREFACE  
TO  
OVID'S EPISTLES.

**T**Hese Epistles of Ovid being so Elegantly Translated by the most Eminent Wits of the Times, I will not presume so far upon my self, to think I can in a mean Burlesque add any thing to their vast undertakings.

Purpureus latè qui splendeat, &c.  
as Horace says.

Nor will I trouble your Head or mine, to know whether this great Atlas in Poetry was banisht for the lasciviousness of his Rhimes, or his Debauching the Emperours Daughter; whether by Corinna was meant Julia, or by Julia Corinna, or both, or neither.

## The PREFACE.

Nec flocci facio.

*This I dare with my Author affirm, That he was a Gentleman of an antient Family, and had a pretty splendid fortune; and whether he was designed for the Study of the Law or Gospel, I cannot tell: but this I dare presume to say, he was as smart a Wit, and as good a Poet, as He or I, or the very best of his Translators.*

Nescivit quod bene cessit.

*And though he had many Contemporaries, and notable Rhimers in his own time, yet I cannot in all the Catalogue of Virgil, Catullus, Tibullus, or Propertius find, that ever he made use of a Club-wit, to help him out in his Epistles.*

O Tempora! O Mores!

*Yet, in our Polite Age, it makes me wonder that so many able Workmen should joyn their Shreds and Thrums together, to dress him up in a Buffoons Coat, when I really conceit (and I question not but there are more Fools in the world of my Opinion) that I in my own simple naked shape, come  
nearer*

## *The* P R E F A C E.

*nearer the Original than the best on 'em.*

*Quo simplicius, &c.*

*But why Burlesque, an old-fashioned, short-wasted, crop-skirted Fustian Jerkin, when long Robes is all the Mode? It is a plaguy thing to be out of the fashion.*

*Pauper Aristoteles cogitur ire pedes.  
But needs must when the Devil drives.*

*Præstat otiosum esse quam nihil agere.  
Well, were I a M. or a Sir C. for half their number of Acres in good English ground, I wou'd quit all my Title to Parnassus, and engage never to write Burlesque; nay, nor any thing else while I liv'd.*

*Cedant Arma Togæ.*

*Who had not rather be an Ass and an Alderman, than a Wit and a Beggar; and had not rather bear the gingling of Guineys, than the ratling of Rhimes? 'tis better harmony: and thirty foot in London well improv'd, is a better sight, and yields more Intetest per annum, than forty Disticks of Heroick.*

O

## *The* P R E F A C E.

O fortunati nimium!

*But every one to his Trade.*

Nemo sine Crimine vivit.

*I must confess, as they splay'd the Author before, I have gelt them: and why not? if these Brothers of a Mystery joyn together to clip the Kings English, because it comes first through their hands; and it fall next into my Clutches, shall I not come in for a snack?*

*I put no Silver Plate upon a Copper stamp; nor do I set my Rubies in Gold and inamelling, to make them pass for Diamonds, but shew the down-right brazen-fac'd naked truth of the matter. Nor am I half so guilty of Clipping as my Masters.*

Plura desunt.

*Of 24 Epistles of the Primitive Author, there are but Twenty three left remaining, and those so mangled and torn, and misplaced from the decent Symmetry of parts and order they preserved for above Seventeen hundred years, that you can neither make Back nor Brest, head nor tail of'em.*

Tem-

## *The* P R E F A C E.

*Tempora Mutantur.*

*For my part, I observe the Method of my Translators ; and if I have omitted any thing that was proper for my purpose , it was either because the Subject wou'd not admit of Burlesque , or because it was done to my hand.*

*Telam texunt & retexunt.*

*Yet you will say it was a bold attempt, for a Pigmy Travestie , to take up the Cudgels against those mighty Giants in Heroick ; so many Briareus's hands joyn'd against me , when I had not one Friend in the whole world to stick by me , to clap in a finger for a Preface, having scarce allow'd me a fortnights time for the Doing ; as it was manifest to some persons of Repute and Quality , who very well knew with what Expedition it was run off, and hurried into the Press, before I had time to peruse the Copies.*

*But I do not hope to Extenuate my faults by an Elaborate Epistle, or an insinuating Preface, so much Exploded amongst  
the*

## *The* PREFACE.

*the Modern Sages: neither do I know the use or necessity of troubling you with them, but that I would not be out of the fashion.*

Verbum verbo.

Πίστις ἀπὸ τοῦ μεταφραστῆ.

*I cou'd convince you out of the Caldean, Arabick, and Syriack; but I think a plain Pika, or a good Itallick, fitter for my Readers Capacity, as well as my own; and why should I trouble his Brains, with what I do not understand myself?*

Verbum Sapienti.

*Lest then I should be thought more affected then Learned, more Elegant then pertinent, I submit to thy Censure, and conclude with my Translator,*

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.

SA—

1


OVID's  
EPISTLES.

SAPHO TO PHAON.

---

The ARGUMENT.

*The Poetess Sapho being forsaken by her Lover Phaon  
(who was gone from Lesbos to Sicily) and resolved in  
Despair to drown her self, writes this Letter to him be-  
fore she dies.*

 Hile Phaon to the Hot-house hies,  
With no less Fire poor Sapho fries.  
I burn, I burn with Nodes and Poxes,  
Like Fields of Corn with brand-tail'd Foxes.  
My Bag-pipes can no longer please,  
Nor can I get one minutes ease;  
Grunting all day I sit alone,  
And all my old dear Cronies shun.  
The Lesbian Sparks must claim no part,  
Where thou hast stung me to the heart.

B

At

Ah wretch! how cou'dst thou be so cruel,  
In my hot bloud to raise a fuel!  
When Youth and Beauty bid you stay,  
Then play the Rogue, and run away?  
If nought oblige but equal self,  
Go, keep your favours to your self.

Yet, silly as I am, I knew  
The time, (which I shall ever rue;)  
A time for all your mighty looks,  
When I was something in your books:  
A thousand Tales of fustion-stuff;  
For I remember well enough  
How close about my Neck you hung,  
When I began a Bawdy Song.  
You thought me chief amongst the Misses,  
And often stopt my mouth with Kisses,  
Whose melting touch my heart did stab,  
In Earnest of a coming Job.

You



You us'd a thousand wanton tricks,  
And play'd the Devil on two sticks.  
We to the business stiffly stood,  
And did as long as doing's good ;  
Nor cou'd we for our lives give o're,  
'Till we were fit to do no more.

Beware, *Sicilian* Wenches ; he  
Will coaks you all as well as me.  
If you'll take notice of his Shams,  
He'll tell you a thousand lying Flams :  
'Tis such another flattering Villain,  
He'll cheat you all, were you a million.  
My Hair hangs down about my Knees,  
And falls as fast as Leaves from Trees.  
Of all ill luck I am the Pattern ;  
You'd swear I'm grown a very Slattern.  
For whom shou'd I go fine and gawdy ?  
Why without him I am no body ;

B 2

And

And I ne'er lov'd to trick or trim  
My self for any one but him.

Oh! if I cou'd but once more see  
That subtile piece of Letchery ;  
'Tis not thy Love I ask, not thine,  
So thou wilt but accept of mine :  
But to sneak off when none did hold thee  
Without Farewel, I needs must scold thee.  
You might have said, you ill-bred Bumkin,  
God b'w'ye, Kifs my Arse, or something :  
You might have ta'n your leave at least,  
And not have gone off like a Beast :  
For hadst thou but the least word spoken,  
I had gi'n thee something for a Token ;  
Tho' naught behinde was left by thee,  
But Shankers, Shame, and Infamie.

My Friends can witness what a quarter  
And din I made at thy Departure:

When

When of thy baseness I was told,  
I was ready e'en to die with cold ;  
Speechless, one word I cou'd not utter,  
Onely what in my Cups I mutter :  
And tho they brought good store of Ale-in,  
I cou'd not speak one word for railing.  
At last, my passion finding vent,  
In a Distraction out I went,  
And like a Bedlam run about  
The streets, in hope to smell thee out.  
Exposing all I had to see,  
E'en all that *Jove* had sent to me ;  
Without respect to Modestie,  
Forgetting Shame, and all but thee ;  
So ill does Shame and Love agree,  
For thee alone my Rest I want ;  
I cannot sleep for dreaming on't :

6      B U R L E S Q U E.

Which made the Night more welcome to me  
 Than any Day since you went from me.  
 Yet little did I dream you went :  
 For who'd dream of a Parliament ?  
 Or you would leave me here a widow,  
 To feed my fancy with your shadow ?  
 Yet spight of absence, I make shift  
 To help my self at a dead lift.  
 Wrapt in thy arms the stroaks I number,  
 And do enjoy thee in a slumber.  
 Thy Words I hear, thy Kisses feel,  
 With all the Joys I blush to tell.

But when I wake, and miss thee there,  
 How I begin to curse and swear !  
 Then to divert my present pain,  
 Take t'other Nap, and to't again.

Soon as I rise mad as a Hawk  
 To see my self so plaguy bawkt,

I run to Bawdy-house and Stoves, *—on long*  
The Scenes of our unhappy Loves.  
Then like a drunken Bitch I ramble,  
And rail alone at every Shamble.  
Then do I cast my Eyes about  
Upon the little bawdy Vault,  
Whose mossie floor, and roof of stone,  
Pleas'd better than a Bed of Down.  
But when I spy'd the grassie Bed  
Retains the print our bodies made,  
On thy dear side I squat me down,  
And with a Flood the place I drown,  
For to refresh the wither'd Trees,  
Since thou art gone, with Virgin-Lees.

No Birds frequent the Valleys now,  
But the vile Screech-Owl, or the Crow;  
Who onely mourn for scarcitie  
Of Carrion, as I long for thee.

Oh, *Phaon*, didst thou know my pain,  
 Thou wou'd, thou wou'dst come back again.  
 With the Disease I got from you,  
 My Eyes have got the Running too:  
 My constant Tears the Paper stain;  
 My hand can scarce direct my Pen. } *Like a Fool*  
 Or cou'dst thou see a little further,  
 How I my self intend to murder:  
 Didst thou but spy the fatal Loop,  
 Sure thou wou'd strive to cut the Rope.

Peace, *Sappho*, cease thy idle gabble;  
 Thou may'st as well appease the Rabble:  
 Thou may (since thou art left behind)  
 As well go piss against the wind.  
 Cease, fool, and since thou art forfook,  
 What you have lost you may go look.

No more thy hopeless Love attend,  
 But hang thy self, and there's an end.

CONACE

## CONACE TO MACAREUS.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Macareus and Conace Daughter and Son to Æolus God of the Winds, lov'd each other incestuously. Conace was delivered of a Son, and committed him to her Nurse to be secretly conveyed away. The Infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus, who enraged at the wickedness of his Children, commanded the Babe to be exposed to wilde Beasts on the Mountains; and withal sent a Sword to Conace with this Message, That her Crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this Sword she slew her self: but before she dyed, she writ the following Letter to her Brother Macareus, who had taken Sanctuary in the Temple of Apollo.*

**I**F menstruous Bloud can make a spot,  
Imagine I am gone to pot.

One hand employs my Pen, alas!

With t'other hand I scratch my A----

In that same posture now I write,

Just as my Father us'd to sh----

Wou'd he were present with his Nose,

T' extract the Essence of my close;

That

That he might see while I am feigning  
To die, what mouths I make with straining.  
*Jove* made him sure a farting Elf,  
His Daughters are so like himself.  
The North and South, and all their Blunder,  
Are far beneath my posterns Thunder.  
Those he can rule; but his lewd mind  
Is like his huffing, unconfin'd.  
Oh! to what end am I created  
A Fool, to *Jove* to be related?  
Or what avails his godly Pelf,  
When I am like to hang my self?  
We yoak'd in an unlucky hour,  
When you your Sister did deflour.  
And tho in you was no remissness,  
We were too hot upon the bus'ness.  
Why shon'dst in Bloud raise such a Blister,  
To make a Miss of thy own Sister?

And



And why shou'd I prove such another  
Fondling, to love thee more than Brother?  
For I lov'd too, and in thy Kisses  
I found a Bait that never misses.  
My Cheeks grew pale, and by my strictness  
I got a fit of the Green-sickness.  
With longing thoughts I grew so lean,  
I lost my Colour quite and clean.  
My Strength I lost, and lost my bloud;  
My Meat and Drink did me no good.  
I cou'd not speak without a Tongue:  
My Slumbers short, my Nights were long;  
Yet knew no cause, nor cou'd I shew  
A Reason for't, and yet I knew.

My wicked Nurse that knew the Trade,  
An old experienc'd bawdy Jade,  
Well practis'd in the Art of Wooing,  
Found I was willing to be doing.

'Tis

'Tis Love, said she, and he is as-stiff ; <sup>he holds</sup>  
 Which made me blush like any Mastiff. <sup>Author</sup>  
 At last the naked truth she made me  
 Confess ; my very looks betray'd me.

At length we stumble on the shelves ; <sup>away</sup>  
 And what we did, we know our selves. <sup>the</sup>  
 When half denying, half contented, <sup>Barre</sup>  
 We met in full, and full consented ; <sup>much</sup>  
 Then what with joy, and what with that <sup>now a row</sup>  
 Of guilt, my heart went pitty-pat.  
 My Roguery cou'd not be hid  
 When I began to be with Kid.  
 What Slaps and Syrrups Nurse did vary,  
 To make the Bantling to miscarry !  
 All to no purpose, for you know  
 No Garrion yet cou'd kill a Crow.  
 The sturdy Brat, young Hans en Keldar,  
 'Gainst all our Drugs his Lungs did shelter.

Nine months were past with pangs & tumblings,  
 When I complain of horrid grumblings ;  
 To that unhappy state I come,  
 Pain urg'd my Cries, Fear kept me dumb.  
 What plaguy Do they had t'unwhelp me ?  
 And Mother Midnight cou'd not help me.  
 When thou, th'occasion of the fault,  
 Come in as ragged as a Colt,  
 Cry'd, Courage, Wench, holding my back,  
 My own dear Sister, and my Crack :  
 That very word brought forth the wonder,  
 And made my Haunches fall asunder.  
 This Storm is o'er ; but what is't, Brother,  
 While the old Huff can raise another ?  
 At Council-board rock't in a Cradle,  
 The King lay with his blundering Rabble,  
 And through this hole, as Nick wou'd have it,  
 The childe must pass, or he wou'd slave it.

The

The Nurse to save his pretty Grace,  
Put on a zealous brazen face ;  
With Beads and Prayers she feign'd to mutter,  
As if her mouth cou'd not melt Butter.  
In Double-clout wrapt in her lap,  
She through the Room thought to escape :  
But Pox on all ill luck, the Whore  
Had hardly got him to the door,  
When straight the Puppy fell a yelping,  
What Bitch of mine has been a whelping ?  
Quoth he ; and so he fell a plundering  
The Placket-geer like Light and Thundering.  
But when he found it was my Bastard,  
Defend me ! how he storm'd and bluster'd ?  
As in his old fit of the Scurvy  
He'd blow the Nation topsie-turvy :  
He kept such horrid noise and thumping,  
I knew his meaning by his mumping.

Never

Never was Sculler in such pickle,  
When Winds hold forth in Conventicle.  
Then I when he began to thunder me,  
My very Bed did tremble under me,  
He'd murder me for your deflouring ;  
I had much ado to scape a scouring.

But what went nearest to my Gizard,  
In spite of Prayers, the blundering Wizard,  
To shew his malice by and large,  
And save the Parish of a Charge,  
He sends the Bastard to the Bogs,  
To be a Breakfast for the Dogs.  
To have our bowels tore, and rent  
At such a rate, wou'd vex a Saint.  
Nay more than that, he sent a Bully  
To catechize me for my folly :  
*Take this, much good may't do your heart.*  
A Rope, said I? and here's a Fart.

To

To hang I am not such a Mawking.

*Your Father sent it for a Token.*

I know my Fathers tricks of old.

*Your Father sent you this, and told*

*To th' use of it your Crimes assist you :*

*In short, 'twas 'cause your Brother kiss't you.*

My Father mought not been so rough :

I smoke the business well enough.

Well, tell him I'll obey his pleasure

Some time when I am more at leisure.

And is this all my Nuptial Dowry ?

In troth a very pretty story.

Burn me alive if I'd not rather

Be torn by Furies than my Father.

I wish my Sister better luck,

Warn'd by my Sample how to truck.

Poor Monkey ! 'twas no fault of thine ;

It was thy Daddy's sin, and mine.

In

In a curst hour thou did assail us, ~~and thou didst~~  
Dragg'd from the Cradle to the Gallows ;  
Where for my fault they did berave thee,  
Nor was it in my power to save thee.  
We did the Mischief, thou must bang for't ;  
I'll follow after, tho I hang for't.

And thou, my Comfort and Despair,  
Be sure thou bury us with care :  
To drop a Tear if thou'rt so civil,  
Think for whose sake I'm gone to th' Devil.

And keep my Will be sure the rather,  
'Cause I in this obey'd my Father.

---

C

PHILLIS

## PHILLIS TO DEMOPHOON.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, who was Son to Theseus and Phædra, in returning from the Trojan War into his own Country, was by a Tempest driven upon the Coasts of Thrace, where Phillis, who was the Queen of Thrace, entertain'd him, and married him. When he had stayed with her some time, he heard that Menestheus was dead; who after he had conquered Theseus, had usurpt the Government of Athens: and under pretence of settling his own affairs, he went to Athens, and promised the Queen that he would come back again in a month. When he had been gone four months, and that she had heard no news of him, she writes him this Letter.

**I** Did not think you such a Dunstable,  
 That you shou'd thus outrun the Constable,  
 And stay so long from your own *Phillis*,  
 As true a Wench as e'er was *Willis*.  
 I gave you a month, and thought 'twas well:  
 But give an Inch, you'll take an Ell.  
 Thrice did the Moon her horns renew;  
 As many a time I gave 'em you.

Did



Did you the hours and minutes tell,  
As *phillis* does, and lov'd so well,  
You'd think 'twere time you shou'd be throng-  
To satisfie a womans longing. [ing

With all the pleasure that is in it,  
I did expect you every minute :  
And still I hoped for the better ;  
But there's no trusting mortal Creature.  
A thousand bloudy Oaths I swore,  
I saw thy Sculler make to shore ;  
And all your Friends that stopt your sail,  
I curst 'em to the Pit of Hell.  
Sometimes I fear'd some old Curmudgeon  
O'th' Deep had gulpt thee for a Gudgeon ;  
And beg'd of *Jove* to let thee snort,  
Tho I was nere the better for't.  
I clapt my hand upon my Bum,  
And every blast I cry'd, He's come.

Nay still I found some new pretences  
To cry thee up amongst the Wenches :  
And yet you stand upon Resistance,  
And keep a body at such Distance,  
As if I were not worth the longs  
To touch me with a pair of Tongs.

I priz'd your Promise, like a fool ;  
But 'twas great Cry, and little Wool.  
What have I done ? I was a Beast  
To be so fond of such a Guest,  
Pox take all Fondlings : I can tell  
The cause, I lov'd you but too well.  
What signifies your flattering words ?  
Where are your Gods ? not worth two turds.  
Where's *Hymen* too, that old Match-monger ?  
I can't forbear him any longer.  
You swore by all that's good and right,  
By Bell, by Book, and Gandle-light,

You'd

You'd never leave me while you staid ;  
Then hang an arse, and play the Jade.  
You swore by all the Gods that be,  
( But what have they to do with thee ? )  
By *Juno, Venus*, ne'er to budge,  
Till death depart, from your old Drudge.  
And what more than thy parting griev'd me,  
I like a silly Jade believ'd thee.  
Who'd think thee such a damn'd Dissembler ?  
But thou art worse, a very Rambler.  
When you came mumping helm a Larbour,  
To look for shelter in my Harbour,  
My charity I do not rue,  
In giving thee an Alms or two :  
But that it ever shou'd be said  
I made thee free of Board and Bed,  
A Curse attend the Carrier down  
The first day brought thee to the Town,

And gave thee that unlucky cast ;  
I wish that day had been my last :  
Then had I di'd a Maid, and well,  
Tho for it I led Apes in Hell.  
Is it for such a pickled Sturgeon,  
Such ' bus'ness to deceive a Virgin ?  
You've got a Booty, march, God b'w'ye,  
My Maidenhead, and much good do ye ;  
And all the good you got thereby,  
You may e'en put it in your Eye.  
When all your Friends lay strong Devices,  
And get a fame by fighting Prizes,  
This for your honour we'll intrench,  
That you betray'd a silly Wench.  
Of all thy Fathers acts and merits,  
Which thou so naturally inherits,  
Like him thou hast one good condition,  
The gift of lying by commission.

He

He stole from *Ariadne's* Bed,  
And she the better Bargain had :  
But I am shun'd by Rook and Bully,  
For yielding to so mean a Cully.  
Cry, Let her march off with a Pox ;  
We'll finde a fool to rule the fo'ks.  
Yet shou'd you come again, as soon  
You'll finde 'em in another tune :  
Then wou'd they say, the Cuckold, let her  
Take him again, she can't do better.

But why shou'd I fish in this Puddle,  
And with such Crotchets crack my Noddle ?  
He's gone for ever, gone to pot ;  
Rub'd off with what small Geer he's got.  
Altho he screw'd with other pegs,  
When you were last between my legs,  
How sweet upon me were you then ?  
You kist, and swore you'd come again.

Drown'd in a Flood we both were laid,  
That very night you pist the bed ;  
Cursing Misfortune, Wind, and Weather,  
That part which brought us first together ;  
Then said, methinks I hear thee still,  
I'll come, upon my life I will.  
You'll come, but when the Devil's blind.  
Can I expect you'll be so kind,  
When I'm convinc'd you plaid the wag  
On meer designe to give the bag ?  
Yet I cou'd wish with all my heart  
And guts thou'd make a little start.  
What do I ask ? Thou hast perhaps  
Another Trollop by the chops ;  
And has by this forgot my name,  
What Geer I am, or whence I came.  
But I shall strive to blow the Embers,  
And study to rub up your Members.

'Twas

'Twas I thy ragged state condoling,  
Preserv'd thee when thou came a stroling ;  
Kept thee from stinking in the Socket,  
With many a Twopence lin'd thy Pocket.  
I gave thee all, I gave so fast,  
The Devil and all, my self at last ;  
My Farm in Copyhold and Tail,  
In Trust, till you began to fail ;  
Which was too much for any woman  
To occupy without a Common :  
Which makes me wish thee in my Warren,  
For fear the Burrough shou'd grow barren.

All day I view the winds with sadness,  
Ready to drown my self for madness.  
In the next Pond just like a Bedlam,  
Was like to throw my self down headlong.  
Nay, since you use me thus so ill,  
I am resolv'd to do it still.

Some-

Sometimes I think to make a proof  
Of Hemlock, Ratsbane, or such stuff :  
Then to revenge me on the Elder,  
Wou'd stab thee through in *Hans en Keldar* ;  
Or in a Nooze of Hemp or Leather,  
Surer than that brought us together,  
Think decently my self to strangle,  
And in that plight hang dingle-dangle  
Thy Wife, the flouts are thrown upon her,  
Thus with my Life to clear my Honour :  
There on my Tomb write this Inscription,  
Who dearly lov'd to be a bitching :  
*Here lies poor Phillis worth a Million,*  
*The truest Jade to th' falsest Villain :*  
*He was the cause of her undoing ;*  
*And thank her self for her own ruine.*

HER-



## HERMIONE TO ORESTES.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Hermione, the Daughter of Menelaus and Helena, was by Tindarus her Grandfather ( to whom Menelaus had committed the government of his house when he went to Troy ) contracted to Orestes. Her Father Menelaus not knowing thereof, had betroth'd her to Pyrrhus the Son of Achilles; who returning from the Trojan Wars, stole her away. Whereupon she writes to Orestes as follows.*

**T**Ake this, *Orest*, with commendation  
 From your own buttock and relation;  
 Nay more, your Wife, but that I buckl'd  
 T'another since, and made thee Cuckold.  
 All that a silly woman knew,  
 I strove against, but 'twould not do.  
 Stand off, said I, and quit my Placket,  
 Or my Goodman will brush your Jacket.  
 Yet did he drag me by the Breech,  
 Through th'gutters, like a new-lim'd Bitch.  
 What

What cou'd I suffer more of Rack,  
If all *Troy-Town* were on my back ?  
If thou hast left one dram of kindness  
For an old Friend, use no more shyness ;  
But like a Tyger come, my Rogue,  
Save me from this Whore-mastring Dog.  
What, can you turn a Tory-catcher,  
And see me ravish'd by a Thatcher ?  
Think how my Father, that old Coxcomb,  
Fell on his Rival with a Pox to 'em ;  
And to redeem his little Crack,  
Rais'd all the Town upon his back.  
Had he not hector'd, hufft, and tore,  
At such a rate, he'd lost his Whore.  
Nor need you send a Crowd to huff him,  
Your self will be enough to cuff him.  
Nor will you sure your self disparage ;  
You're mine by Bloud, as well as Marriage.

Then

Then make all speedy preparation  
To save your Wife, and your Relation.

When the old Pimp secur'd me yours,  
I little dreamt of a Divorce ;  
Or e're to stretch my hams abroad  
To one I hated like a Toad.  
So well you tickled up my Toby,  
I never cou'd endure this Looby:  
Full well my Father knows, the Letcher,  
What 'tis to love old Gony-catcher :  
And I must do't, whate'er come after ;  
You know I am the Father's Daughter.  
My Case is his ; and *Pyrrhus* carries  
A Thiefs look too, as well as *Paris*.  
Let 'em all crack of Deeds and Wonders,  
Of their high Birth, of Claps, and Thunders,  
Of *Jove* and *Juno*, and the rest on 'em,  
Thou art as well born as the best on 'em.

And

And can I, having tongue to us't,  
Stand by, and see my Friends abus'd?  
I've one way left before my dying,  
And that's to break my heart with crying.  
But what does't value while he lies out?  
For shou'd I cry my very Eyes out,  
Cat after kind, I can't escape,  
We're all too subject to a Rape.  
I need not tell you how a Swan  
Ravish'd my Granny for a man :  
How *Hippodame* the Youth did gull her,  
And drove her in an open Sculler :  
Poor *Tindar* ravish'd by a Boy,  
And afterwards sent back from *Troy*.  
I scarce remember it, and yet  
Now I think on't, I remember it.  
So like the rest of my curst Kindred,  
I'm kept from thee by such as hinder it.

If

If old *Achilles* had but seen,  
 I'll burn if ever this had been ;  
 He wou'd not, to part man and wife,  
 Do such a trick to save his life.

Ye Gods, what was my Accusation,  
 To come of such a Generation !  
 My Dam, that picture of ill luck,  
 She was as true as ever struck.  
 'Tis a strange Race, while she was chief in't,  
 If there be neither Whore nor Thief in't.  
 Scarce had my Father turn'd his back,  
 To *Paris* she became a Crack :  
 As soon as e'er the Wittal left her,  
 Who like a fool run madding after,  
 He to the Wars, she with her Cully,  
 While I was left without a Bully ;  
 For that same Booby *Pyrrhus* he  
 Had never one good look of me.

*Orestes*

*Orestes* is my whole delight ;  
But if you'll have me, you must fight :  
*Pyrrhus* detains me since the War 'gan,  
That's all the good I got by th' bargain.  
All day I sit, while Gossips chat,  
As melancholy as a Cat :  
Sometimes I grunt, sometimes I grumble,  
And all the night I tofs and tumble :  
At sight of him I burst out so,  
I make a Chamber-pot o'erflow :  
And while I flabber, spit, and drivil,  
I hate him as I do the Devel.  
Tho under Canopy of Diaper,  
I shun him as I wou'd a Viper :  
And when he gets within my Quarters,  
I cry, *Orest*, beshrew your Garters.  
That very fancy makes me do  
The thing which I shou'd act with you.  
*Orestes*

*Orestes*, come, and make him flie for't;  
I'll be thy Wench, or else I'll die for't.

---

D

LE-

---





## LEANDER TO HERO.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Leander accustomed nightly to swim over the Hellespont to visit Hero ( Priestess of Venus Temple ) being at last hinder'd by storms, sends her the following Epistle.*

**A** Ccept this Token from your most,  
Who'd rather been himself the Post.

Smile, Sweet ; or if you win my heart,

I had as lieve you'd let a Fart.

'Twou'd be a Token of thy Kindness,

Since thy *Leander's* left in blindness,

And cannot see, ill chance so happens,

Thy face, without a brace of Capons.

When Seas and Winds oppose my Team,

For there's no striving 'gainst the stream,

Then I betook me to my Writing ;

'Twill serve you when you go a sh---ing.

Blest Paper! to what happy pass  
Art thou ordain'd, to kiss her A----

Seven nights, with cursing wind & weather,  
I have not set my Eyes together.  
Tho I can see, for all their pother,  
As deep in Millstone as another ;  
From highest Cliff, tho ne'er so active,  
I cou'd not spy thee with Prospective.  
This cross-grain'd fit I had the leisure  
To think upon our former pleasure ;  
And like the billows in the main Sea,  
Dissolve my self in strength of fancy.

'Twas night when first I rought the Port ;  
Plague on the Quean that spoil'd the sport.  
When I did tread, thy poor *Leander*,  
The *Hellepont* like any Gander ;  
And *Cynthia* lookt pale and meager,  
As if she envy'd us together.

My

My arms grew weak, when hopes t'unrig her,  
With thoughts of thee put on new Vigour;  
And billows flie about my chops,  
In a fresh storm, as thick as hops.

Soon in the window I espy'd  
Thy Candle-snuff, this was my Guide,  
When starv'd with cold the glimmering blaze  
Did make me put on heart of grace;  
And more than Sops of Hony-suckles  
Did in the Floud revive my Cockles.  
Then looking sharp, cag'd like a Parrot,  
I spy thy Hawks-bill in the Garret.  
Straight thou espies, and tho i'th' dark,  
Full glad thou was to see thy Spark;  
And met me half way over, Rot it,  
So mad you were for to be at it.

The shore I gain'd, nor did you stickle  
T'accept me in that ruful pickle:  
D 3                      Gloath'd

Cloath'd me, and on my naked Dock  
 Unstript your self to clap your Smock,  
 Leaving your Bum without a case,  
 'Naked and bare as a Birds arse.

What then we did, our selves know best,  
 Nor ought the deed to be exprest.

We knew 'twas short, and thought no crime  
 To make the best use of our time.

So eager were we on the Plunder,  
 To recollect wou'd be a wonder.

° 'Tis day; and now I sneakt with groans,  
 Like an old Dog had lost his stones.

I go away as after frightning,  
 But I return like Fire and Lightning.

*Sestos* I loath, my native Cottage,  
 With thee I'd rather sup Pease-pottage.

Why won't *Abidos* then come hither?  
 Since we piss in a Quill together.

We're

We're linkt in body, linkt in mind ;  
Why shou'd not then our Farms be joyn'd ?  
The Seas and Winds keep me aluff,  
Depending on a humorous Huff :  
They lose me many a Bout, and mar all  
My Visits till they end the Quarrel.

When first upon the shore I lighted,  
The Fishes lookt as they were frighted ;  
And gaz'd upon my brawny Haunches,  
As they were scar'd out of their senses.  
But now they make no wonder on me,  
I am become a mighty Gronie ;  
And since I'm stopt by th'weather, the Calves  
Do miss me much, my Brother Sea-calves.  
Oft have I curst the tiresome way,  
But oftner far have damn'd my stay  
To sculk at home each storm that's pelting,  
As if I were afraid of melting.

If Summer-blasts keep us afunder,  
What shall we do in Snow and Thunder?  
E'en then I will not stay much longer,  
But plunge away like any Conger.  
T'allay the boasting winds, I'll cuff 'em;  
And if they won't assuage, I'll huff 'em.  
Of my glad scape thy arms are proof,  
There I confess I'm warm enough;  
Or if I die the Road along,  
Then there's an end of an old Song.  
I know the Flouds will have the grace  
To waft me to the wonted place:  
Or if they don't, my amorous Carcass  
Knows all the windings to your Stair-case;  
Which sure in Complement you'll greet  
With tail of Shift for Winding-sheet:  
Yet can't with stroaking hand restore  
The part you oft reviv'd before.

IF

If this offend you, use your Charms  
To launch me safer through the Storms :  
But when you have me in your Station,  
Then let it roar, and tear the Nation.  
'Twill give my stay some fair pretences  
To gratifie my lewder fences.  
Till then, admit this Scrawl to blossom,  
And gather Flowers in your bosom.  
Lodg'd in thy breast 'twill be some comfort,  
Altho it after kifs thy Bum for't.

---

HE-

## HERO'S Answer to LEANDER.

By the same Hand.

**W**ith laughing when I read your Prose,  
I was ready to bepiss my hose :  
And nothing else, except your stick  
Cou'd so much tickle me to th' Quick.  
Excuse my Passion ( Sir ) for no man  
Can find the bottom of a woman.

You can divert your self with roaring,  
About your bus'ness, drinking, whoring,  
Hunting and hawking, and the same ;  
For well I know you love the Game :  
Lay Traps to catch the Fox and Goose,  
While you forget your amorous Nooze.  
While I've no more to ease my Clog  
Than Patience, med'cine for a Dog ;

Or



Or with my Nurse sit down complainin gon't,  
 To know what plague shou'd be the meaning  
 About the Coasts I keep a racket, [on't.  
 And send to thee by every Pacquet.  
 When Night draws on, I keep me waken,  
 And light a Candle for a Beacon ;  
 Advance the Snuff upon the Save-all,  
 Each hour expecting thy Arrival.  
 Then poring o'er my work, I wonder,  
 What plague's become of my *Leander* ?  
 I'm so besotted with thy fails,  
 That I can think of nothing else.  
 What thinks thou, Wench, is my *Leander*  
 Return'd as yet, or is he yonder ?  
 Come pray thee tell me, is he stripping,  
 Already plung'd, and forward tripping ?  
 While sleepy as a Dog, and nodding,  
 The drowfie wretch replies, A Pudding.

Yet

Yet can't I from the fancy waver  
He's come, he's coming now or never.  
Then Jayl-bird-like in Grate I'm plac't,  
And many a longing look I cast :  
Each nook and corner I examine,  
And pray the Flouds that they may damn him  
When next he crost them, for his wronging  
And bawking thus a womans longing.  
Each voice I hear : if Nurse but sneezes,  
Or break behind in gentle Breezes,  
I straight conclude the wind is western,  
And 'tis the musick of thy Postern.  
At last, my comfort, while I snort,  
I fancy we are at the sport ;  
I clasp'd my shanks about your middle,  
And thought you plaid upon my Fiddle:  
My Fountain <sup>eyes</sup> burst into a stream,  
But Pox upon't, 'twas but a Dream ;

For

For tho I think on nought but you,  
Without your self 'twill never do :  
'Tis like a Banquet of Black-puddin  
Without a dram of fat or bloud-in.

Last night indeed you'd some pretences  
To keep you back, besides your Wenches ;  
The Seas were rough : but now 'tis fair,  
You might afford to take the Air.  
You need not, finding no resistance,  
Keep a poor Devil at such distance,  
And hold that cheerful Cup of Mantling  
From her, that longs like one with Bantling.  
Is it for fear you shift and shuffle ?  
I knew you in a harder scuffle :  
If it be so, still be a stranger,  
Rather than hazard any danger.

But still I beg if ought besel,  
Keep counsel, do not kiss and tell.

Not

Not of thy Change there's any rumour,  
But that it is my simple humour.  
For since I see your base Contrival,  
I fear not absence, but a Rival.  
Return ye Flouds that hither blew him,  
And let him come, with a murrin to him.  
A luckie signe ! I see a Gander  
I'th' Candle ; oh ! 'tis my *Leander*.  
My Nurses tail has got a Drum in,  
And swears 'tis Token of your coming ;  
And has observed by the Crickets,  
Some Strangers making to'ards our Thickets.  
Come then, *Leander*, cross the Ditch,  
That I may say she is a Witch :  
I cannot budge without thee ; come,  
No Pillow like *Leander's* Bum.  
To shew I'm willing, I will meet thee  
Chin-deep i'th' *Hellespont* to greet thee.

My

My Thing's my own ; while no one sees,  
Sure I may use it as I please.

A Pox of Fame and Reputation,  
Why shou'd it spoil our Recreation ?

How cou'dst thou from our warmer Pillows  
Thy *Hero* leave, to hug the Billows ?

In such a storm to cross the Road,  
Tarpolling durst not peep abroad ?  
For all your boasting and bravadoes,  
You must not think for to invade us ;  
Nor must you strive to swim when Oars  
And Scullers dare not cross the shores.  
I oft advis'd you, but 'twas nonsense,  
For it went e'en against my Conscience ;  
Yet when I think on't, in the morning  
I cannot chuse but give thee warning.

Nor wou'd I have thee cross the stream  
By any means, for last nights Dream :

Me-

Methoughts I saw a monstrous Surgeon,  
All batter'd crying for a Surgeon,  
All naked too, cast by the flood,  
Which I'm afraid portends no good.  
What e're it be, I wou'd advise thee  
Be merry and wise, let that suffice thee.  
The storm's so high, it can't be lasting;  
Then once more venture a Bumbasting.  
Till then, thy *Hero's* fate condole,  
And stay thy stomach with this Scrole.

---

LAODA-

## LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Protesilaus lying wind-bound at Aulis in the Grecian Fleet, designed for the Trojan War, his Wife Laodamia sends this following Epistle to him.*

A Fter my hearty Commendation,  
Thy *Laodam* sends Gratulation.  
The scolding storms that scar'd thee from me,  
Why don't they send thee packing to me?  
Wou'd Hurricanes destroy'd their hutches,  
So I but had thee in my Clutches.  
In hast thou throng'd to be a Warrior,  
But thou't return with *Long* the Carrier.  
So raging mad I was to see thee,  
I cou'd not frame to say, God b'w'ye.  
A merry gale in stern abaft her,  
And oft I cry'd, Fair weather after.

E

I

I lookt and lookt, till by this Light,  
I lookt, and lookt thee out of sight.  
Then did such fits o'th' sudden hold me,  
That I was ready to befoul me.  
My Sire and Dam griev'd at the Mischance,  
Came running all to my assistance;  
With water and some Rags they threw,  
They made me clean with much ado.  
They meant it well, but had been kinder,  
To leave me here to the Gold-finder.  
My Bowels grumble, down I fit,  
And fall into another fit;  
Since which, undrest, my Coats do flow  
About my Ears, I know not how.  
Thus I run staggering round about,  
Like one of *Pem*---- drunken Rout.  
Put on, put on, your Gown, and Mantue,  
My Neighbours cry, the Gossips want you.  
Alas!



Alas! you may go drefs, talk bawdy,  
What joy have I in going gawdy?  
Shall Tow'rs and Knots my head inviron,  
And he have nothing but cold Iron?  
I'll cast my Snout or'e my right shoulder,  
And be a Slut while you're a Souldier.

*Paris*, I wish thee nere a Rag,  
Or that thy *Nell* had been a Hag.  
Oh *Menelaus*! I see clearly,  
Thy wenches Tricks will cost thee dearly,  
From me, ye Gods, divert the Thunder,  
And send him laden home with plunder.  
But when you talk of Wars, you stale me;  
My very heart begins to fail me.  
*Hector* I fear, that blundering *Hector*,  
Of Limbs they say a great Dissector.  
My dear, if thou observe me duly,  
Beware of that notorious Bully;

Nay all, to be thy Life's protector,  
 Left every one shou'd prove a *Heſtor*.  
 Give to thoſe mighty men of Arms way,  
 And keep thy Coxcomb out of harms-way.  
 Let the fond Cuckold hew and thump it  
 Through all the Crowd to his old Strumpet.  
 They are another ſort of Cattle;  
 But we ſhou'd fight a ſafer Battle.

Brave *Trojans*, ſpare your bloody Hanger,  
 From one that is not worth your anger.  
 My poor good-natur'd fool in place  
 Of Danger dare not ſhew his face.  
 I th' field he ſtands aloof, and blunders;  
 But in the Sheets he can do wonders.  
 Let them go fight, and find a Tomb  
 Abroad, can do no grace at home.

To let thee go, by what the Wizard  
 Inform'd me, went againſt my gizard:

When you were like (I heard her mumble)  
To crack your Grupper with a stumble.  
Be not too forward in your anger,  
Or you may chance to rue the Danger.

The first that lands upon the spot,  
You know is destin'd to the pot.  
Be not too hasty in the heap,  
But learn to look before you leap.  
To get a broken Pate or so,  
You'll be too soon, tho' nere so slow.  
In thy Retreat bestir thy thighs;  
And if you fall, stay not to rise.

When shall I split my hoofs afunder,  
And in thy paws ly melting under?  
Catch thee alone to tell me stories  
Of Cocks and Bulls, and *Trojan* Tories;  
Then make a thousand wanton pauses,  
With scrubbing Gills, and rubbing Noses.

But

But when I think on *Troy* I feel  
My Spirits sunk into my heel ;  
And tho' the Winds were quite contrary,  
No mischiefs cou'd perswade thee tarry.  
All Switch and Spur, for old Pug Nasty ;  
To hang you wou'd not be so hasty.  
How canst thou hope to go through stich,  
To sive with an Adulterous Bitch ?  
But I'll nere wast my Lungs upon't,  
Bouze on, and see what will come on't.

Poor *Trojan* Cullies, troth, I pity ye,  
To see a Harlot thus beshit ye :  
I see how *Nell* intends to buckle  
Up with her Groom, poor *Heſſor* truckle.  
I see how she colloques, and grudg  
The Simperings of her weary Drudg.  
She leads the Wittal by the hand,  
And he returns at her Command.

To

To bear the Horns he is not nice;  
Obeys, and thinks he has a prize:  
Now he returns, and she with speed  
Receives him to polluted Bed.

*We Women 'cause we cannot flatter,  
Must make the best of a bad matter.*

Yet still thy Picture I am wooing:  
Pox on't, it cost a Groat the Drawing.  
That I careſs, and decently  
I place it there where thou ſhou'd be.  
I talk, and hug, and ſmug, and try'd all  
The ways to pleaſe the pretty Idol.

But by this Light and Candle burning,  
If I hear not of thy Returning,  
As this is drink, and by this Cup,  
As I intend to drink it up,  
To whatere Coaſt thou runs a Madding,  
Since thou delights to be a gadding,

I'll

I'll come and stick upon thy skirt,  
As close as ever sweat-wrung Shirt.

Farewel ; but pray thee bear in mind  
Thy *Dowfabel* thou left behind.

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# P A R I S

TO

# HELEN.

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## The ARGUMENT.

Paris having Sail'd to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promised him as the reward of adjudging the prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertain'd by Menelaus, Helen's Husband; but he being Call'd away to Crete, to take possession of, which was left him by his Grandfather-Atreus, commends his guest to the care of his Wife. In his absence Paris Courts her and writes to her the following Epistle.

**T**O thee my Duck, and pretty Sweeting,  
 Thy Paris sends all health and greetings;  
 Tho' he (unless you be so kind)  
 Have for himself left none behind.

Shall I then speak? Or is't your pleasure  
 I stay till we have better Leasure,  
F
When

When fear of folks may not disturb us,  
And we may do it to the purpose?  
But if you'd needs my Pipes be draining,  
And by my Mumping know my meaning;  
In short, I love, you pretty Brat you,  
And have a Months mind to be at you.  
Forgive me, *Nell*, I am so blunt;  
Our Betters have before us don't.  
I must confess I'm full of grief,  
And hope you'll give your Slave Relief.

How am I tickled with Conceit,  
To think these Lines shall Kiss your feet?  
I hope, if they creep in your favor,  
You'll shew my self no worse Behavior.  
And sure those hopes can't be betray'd,  
If *Venus* has not play'd the Jade:  
She promis'd me for Service don her,  
You shou'd be Mine upon her Honor;

And



And for that cause I crost the Kennell,  
To come here fawning like a Spaniell :  
I brought my Passions here, not found 'em;  
(Wou'd by the way I cou'd have drown'd 'em.)  
I come but for my Due, beshrew you,  
You were my own before I knew you;  
And e're thy pretty Pigsneys I  
Beheld, I had thee in my Eye.  
No marvile then at such a widness,  
Your arrows thus d.d gaw'e my Kidneys:  
'T was so decreed; and less you glory  
In your own Bane, observe this story.

I was predistin'd for my *Nelly*  
Ere I was born, in Mothers Belly;  
Who dream't she did the Baby dandle,  
Deliver'd of a farthing Candle.

She scar'd, the Baggage at the Vision,  
To Conjurer hyes with Expedition:

They said with Fire I *Troy* shou'd ruin ;  
But sure it must be with my woing.  
For fear, they sent me to the Boggs,  
To keep the Sheep, and tend the Hogs :  
A proper, handsom, sturdy tall Fool ;  
And well they knew I was no small Fool.

In *Idi's* Copsie there is a Thicket,  
And there we often us'd to nick it ;  
Where there was neither Cat nor Mous,  
Nor pasture for to graze a Loufe.  
Leaning against a stump of Bryer,  
I saw one posting through the Mire.  
Such noyse the very place I stood in  
Shiver'd for feare, like *Devon* pudding.  
When straight I knew by 's Badg of mortar,  
Old *Jove* had sent me his own Porter.  
Led in his hand the Pimp had brought me  
Three bouncing Wenches, and besought me  
I shou'd

I shou'd decide the strife, and stop all  
Their Mouths that water'd for an Apple.  
He spake, and flew up in a Machin,  
According to the modern fashion.

When I perceiv'd what was to do,  
I grew 'so proud there was no ho.  
I view'd them round, Each in their turn,  
Naked and bald as they were born.  
They each deserv'd, while I did fall  
Horn-mad I cou'd not please them all.  
But there was one, my Mouth did water  
Above the rest for to be at her.

And who think you it was? I gave it  
To *Venus*, as the Devill wou'd have it.  
Nor did I do it at her own Quest,  
'T was for your sake I gave the Conquest:  
Who for Reward assur'd me after,  
I should Enjoy your Mothers Daughter.

Mean while, I'm coopt amongst the Eagles,  
And own'd as one of *Priams* Beagles:  
The shepheards threw their Crooks away,  
And all the Court kept Holiday.  
Stark mad for me run all the wenches  
As I for thee have lost my senses;  
All the long night I melt like Jelly,  
And dreamt of nothing but my *Nelly*.  
What Doings then beneath the Cadow,  
When I'm so ravisht with your shadow?  
Sure I must burn when I come nigher,  
That Scorcht at such remote a Fire.

And now my passion growing stronger,  
I had no power to stay longer:  
In spight of fortune, wind, and weather,  
Father, and friends, and all together,  
I lanch out, and away I come,  
To have a fillip, at thy Bum,

Fortune

Fortune that brought me to your shore,  
 Did land me in a lucky hour :  
 Your Husband, goodman, did contrive all  
 Obliging ways to grace his Rivall ;  
 And I, to quite his Kindness, took hold  
 Of all swift means t' oblige the Cuckold.  
 Since I for thee my own dear *Nell* come,  
 Will you not also bid me wellcome ?  
 He kindly took me home, and stor'd me  
 With all respect he cou'd afford me ;  
 Show'd me the Town, the *Spartan* sages,  
 The Puppets, Drolls, the stewes and stages:  
 But nothing pleas'd my Eye or Eelly,  
 But the Enjoyment of my *Nelly*.  
 The sight of thee reviv'd my heart ;  
 The rest I valu'd not a fart.  
 Such are thy Charms, did thou but send  
 When the three Blouffes did contend,

Thou out of joynt had put her Nose,  
I shou'd a Shit in *Venus* hose.

Thou shou'd have got the golden Ball  
For thy sweet sake I'de bawkt 'em all.  
Thy Beauty bears away the Bell,  
And all the Parish Rings of *Nell*.

It made indeed a grievous Clutter  
And does exceed what fame did utter,  
Thou art so pretty, neat, and dapper,  
I cannot blame the old Kidnapers  
Make choice of thee above a Dutches,  
And 'gross thee wholly in his Clutches.  
But simply then to let you go!  
For shame I wou'd not serve thee so,  
Nor shou'd thou scape my Claws, tis I  
Had got one Touch at G'ammars hi.

Come then, my wench, and I will show  
What mighty wonders I can do:

Let

Let us, since thou hast got my heart,  
Joyn Giblets once, and never part:  
I might have had a Crown and Scepter  
From *Juno*, if I wou'd a leapt her:  
I might have don with *Pallas* too,  
But I refus'd 'em all for you.  
Nor am I such a slippery Eel,  
To rue my choice; I'm true as steel.  
Do thou bear up as true to me,  
As I 'bove all do value thee,  
Nor need you, tho' you are allowd  
A little handsom, be so proud:  
I am, for all your petty pelf,  
As well descended as your self.  
My Father has bin twice Church-warden,  
And has as large a house and Garden:  
There you shall see the antient Riddles  
How *Troy* was built with harps and fiddles:  
The

The stately Courts and houses grow  
With yellow Roofs of Golden straw :  
Wagons, and Carts, and spacious pallets,  
And crowds of people singing Ballats :  
Whole troops of Dames in *Trojan* shape,  
And wenches shining in their Crape ;  
Which you'll prefer before the shabby  
And tawdry vest of *Spartan* tabby ;  
And must confess one Crate will tillage  
More furrows there than all your Village.

I do not flant you with miscarriage,  
Or that I would your house disparage :  
But you that shou'd be deckt at least  
With all the splendor of the East,  
Shou'd not sit ragged, and condole  
A way your days in a blind hole.  
That face shou'd be adorn'd, my Girl,  
To make folke gaze, with paint and pearl.

See



See by my *Trojan* Livery,  
What tearing sparks the Ladies be.  
Disdain not then, my pretty Jade,  
To take a *Trojan* to your Bed.  
*Jove*, that thinks scorn to be a Sutler,  
Yet took a *Trojan* for his Butler:  
And fair *Aurora* to her Lodging  
Did hardly blush to take a *Trojan*:  
And *Venus* put on all Disguises  
To make a *Cully* of *Anchises* ;  
Nor rank't with him, your Husband can  
Be thought the better Gentleman.  
My fire ne're caus'd the wain to stay,  
And rob the Horses of their Hay:  
My Race are of no *Newgate*-order,  
Tainted with Felony or Murder:  
Nor were they tantaliz'd in Fables,  
Or whipt for stealing Plumbs and Apples.

To

To grace your Husband, you must flatter  
Your Kindred *Jove* to mend the matter.

Ye Gods, that such a smal-beer Trooper,  
Not worthy scarce to kiss thy Crupper,  
Shou'd hug, and lug, and coaks, and flatter,  
And thy poor *Paris* mouth make water ?

What shall I do ? still tongue and smack,  
And I nere come in for a snack ?  
When you the Bantling chuck, I take  
And hug the Bratt for th' Mothers sake.  
Sometimes I take the Pot to piss,  
And from my Bawble blow a kiss.  
Sometimes I try to Bribe your woman:  
She tells me I'm a sot, and no man.  
If I can not your favour won,  
I wish by any means 't were done,  
By foul or fair, 'tis all as one.  
Then in a prayer as I begun,  
I throw me at your feet along -----

Oh

Oh thou more bright and glittering Peacock,  
Then both thy Brothers in a hay-cock !  
And fitter farr for the Aboads  
Of *Trojan* Dukes and *Pagan* Gods :  
Either to *Troy* with thee I'll budge,  
Or hear I'll die thy mortall Drudge.

I cou'd say more, but 't will be better  
When we are both alone together.  
Perhaps you will pretend, and scorns  
To make your Ninny wear the horns.  
Oh *Nelly*, can you be so simple  
To think your face without a Pimple?  
Or change that face, or be more kind :  
Beauty and Grace are seldom joyn'd.

If thou thy Parents virtue connect,  
Can *Jove* and *Leda's* Brat be honest?  
Yet be as honest as you can,  
At *Troy*, she's so that keeps to one.

But

But now, my pug, Let's do a little,  
Now in the Absence of your wittall,  
He Courts you to it, who because  
He'd spoile no sport, kindly withdrawes.  
No other time to go to *Crete*?  
Ho'w obliging is a Cuckolds wit?  
His chiefeft Care above the rest,  
You shou'd be civill to your guest;  
But you forget the charge was giv'n,  
And value not your slave a pin.  
And think you such a senceless Lubbard  
Can prize the Treasure of your Cup-boord?  
Sure did he understand the Danger,  
He ne're wou'd trust you with a stranger.  
If neither I can move, nor he,  
We 'are forc't by opportunity:  
Nay, greater Fools then he, to bridle  
Our geer, and such a time be idle!

You

You lie alone, and so do I;  
Lets make one Bed, and so comply.

If you shou'd on nice scruples reckon,  
I'll find a way to save your Bacon.  
No president so like your Mothers,  
That old theif *Thefens*, and your Brothers,  
*Thefens* stole you, and they stole *Milly*:  
I'll be the fourth upon the Tally.

I have a Boat well man'd and oar'd,  
Able to take us both a board.  
Fear not a Clamor will insue,  
I've Asses, men, and Clubs enough;  
And I can (shou'd the Fool be rough )  
Deal with your Husband well enough.  
When but a Boy, I did so warble  
A Jackanapes that stole my marble.  
*Deiphob*, and *Iliou* in my wrath,  
With my own fist I cuff 'em both;

Beside

Besides all this, I have a *Hector*  
Will read his Coxcomb such a Lecture,  
That I am sure no force can harm me  
Nor you; he is himself an Army.  
Nay wench, you don't yet know me fully,  
Who am predestin'd for your *Bully*.  
Either from *Greece* no war shall follow,  
Or if it does, thy foes I'll swallow.  
Nor think I'd e basely lose my forage,  
That prize would give the Coward Courage:  
Our fire and flame shall be inrold,  
When you and I pox all the world.  
To Bed to Bed; and for the thing,  
You'll find as good as you shall bring.

*Helen*

# HELEN TO PARIS

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## The ARGUMENT.

*Helen having received the forgoing Epistle from Paris, returns the following Answer. Wherein she seems at first to chide him for his presumption in writing, as he had done, which cou'd only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue. Then owns her self to be sensible of the passion which he had expressed for her, tho' she much suspect his Constancy, and at last discovers her inclinations to be favourable to him. The whole Letter shewing the Extream artifice of woman kind.*

**W**hen Courtship grows impertinent,  
You fancy Silence gives consent.

With such Designs how dare a stranger  
Hope in our park to be a Ranger?

When

G

When you came hither helter skelter,  
Was it for this we gave you shelter?  
You study'd to reward us finely  
In troth we us'd you but too kindly;  
Your partial will since you came Starbor us  
May fancy I'm unchast and barbarous;  
But I defie 'em for my Taile  
That e're cou'd say black is my nayle.  
No Coxcomb yet has had the Knack on't,  
Nor shall I give 'em cause to crack on't.  
How cou'd you have the Imudence  
To hope a Queen shou'd be your Wench?

Because a Royster once forsooth  
Thought me a Dish for his own Tooth,  
Do 'ye think I'm meat for such a whorson?  
Marry come up my Dirty Cousin;  
Like him a Princess to bestride,  
Is't nothing els but up and ride?

But



But that was only for a Spurt  
And I was more afraid then hurt.  
He was a kind good natur'd Devill  
I doubt you'd hardly be so civil.  
And do you think I scapt his force  
For to become your stalking horse?

Nor was't for want of good will neither  
That I cou'd keep my Legs together,  
For I cou'd do with all my heart  
With one that cou'd perform his part.  
But that I fear thou 'rt such a sloven,  
When thou art in to fire the oven;  
And leave me glowing in that pickle,  
You *Trojan* Fops are all so fickle.  
Yet others Do the very Best on 'em,  
Why shou'd not I as well as th' rest on 'em?

*Leda* was ravisht by a Swan,  
And why shou'd *Helen* fear a Man?  
But she had *Jove* whereof to glory,  
And what have I? a *Trojan* Tory?  
For all your boasting and your cracking  
Of *Phrygian* Blood, you may be packing.

Your Letter stuf't with all the shams  
That canting Gossips call flim flams,  
Cou'd she but with your boasting buckle,  
Wou'd make a very Queen to truckle.

But if I either whore or pilf  
For any thing, it is your self.  
I'm none of those ill natur'd Bitches:  
Sweeten a Coxcomb for his Riches  
But if I follow your Worships Highness,  
It shall be mear stark Love, and Kindness.  
Not that thy presents are a Clog,  
For Love my self and Love my Dog.

But

But that for me so kind thou'lt bin  
To dabble here throw thick and thin.

I have observ'd (tho' I can too  
Dissemble it as well as you )  
How you'd turn up your goggle Eys,  
And play a thousand amorous toys;  
Take after me the Pot and Bason,  
Nor wou'd you slip the least occasion.  
For thy fond tricks I bore the blames on 'em  
And many a time I blusht for shame on 'em.  
I found thee willing by thy woeing  
To do, what not? to be a doing.  
Quoth I, I fancy this Fop-Doodle  
Wou'd fain be dabling in my puddle.  
Come *Nelly* come, you'll serve the turn,  
To cool my pipes, I burn, I burn :  
While I that kept thee from my placket,  
My self was madder to be at it.

But oh! Thy face was so bewitching  
I cou'd not choose but have an itching;  
And tho' it were in Hall or Kitchin  
Full dear I long'd to be a Bitching—  
Of some young Rump I wish thy Maw full  
That thou mayst pray on food that's lawfull,  
Tho' I am young enough, and pert too,  
You must not think to tempt a Virtue.

You ask what's sought by all Mankind,  
As you have Eyes they are not blind:  
Circumfering Eyes make me their Center,  
But you upon the spot dare venture.  
Had you bin here before the Royster,  
You'd had the opening of the Oyster.  
But now too late, I've one to do't,  
And you may kiss the Rabits Foot  
You shou'd a fair'd before this Sot,  
Yet I'm contented with my Lot.

Cease

Cease then to force a womans shiness  
And do not wish me so much Kindness.

You think forsooth it is my Duty,  
Since the three Misses strove for Beauty:  
One offer'd Keys, another Locks,  
And *Venus*, promis'd with a Pox,  
For a Reward the rest beguileing,  
You shou'd of me have the defileing.

But thus to gratify your pains  
Can never beat into my Brains,  
That such nice Dames shou'd for a Ball  
Uncase their scutts, and shew you all,  
Then send to me to scowr your Rammer?  
Don't think me such an Innyhammer.

But grant it were, it is not such  
A Booty, tho' you got a touch:  
I should be prouder of my Looks  
To be in yours and *Venus* Books.

*Juno* and *Pallas* gave a Fee.

And you refus'd 'em all for me.

Am I then such a Dainty Bitt ?

What heart of Rock but must submit ?

What'ere you hear the Rabble say,

Dissemble still, yet mind your prey,

But to forbear's the better way ;

Yet if you will be bold, you may.

But pray be private as you can,

For fear it come to my good man.

He's gon to see my Nuncle, speed 'em,

And kindly left us to our freedom.

His Journey's long, and longer may

With all my Intralls be his stay.

I can't but tickle at his sence

To leave it to my negligence ;

When he to me did recommend

All things, but most his *Trojan* friend,

I Split

I Split my sides, and only said  
My Dear, well you shall be Obey'd.

Fair winds have blown him to a Farr land;  
What pains he takes to wear the garland?  
He's gon, yet still I have some fears  
You know small pitchers have long Eares.  
You bid me use my time and tool  
Left me by the good Easy Fool.  
I would— and yet I doubt— pox split it  
'Twixt hope and fear I have be sh— it

We're both hot set; my Husbands gone;  
I can't indure to lie a-lone.

One *Room*, and nothing but a Wattle  
Devides between us and the Cattle.

Hang me but every things so lucky,  
As if the Doe did cry come Buck me.  
You banter when you shou'd be pressing,  
By force to ravish such a Blessing.

Our

Our sex still ready to receive,  
And can take more than you can give.

I'de fain be Doing— yet 't were best 'een  
Give over, and leave off our jesting.  
Tis bad to trust our geer with strangers,  
Whose passions like themselves are Rangers.  
And how dare I trust you my goods,  
Who left *Oenone* in the fuds?

Were you in Earnest, yet you stay  
But for a Cast, and then away,  
And sculk from Table to your Scull,  
Before I've half my Belly full.

But 'cause I'm expert at the sport,  
You'l keep m' a Miss in *Priams* Court;  
Then of my fame you'l blow the Trumpet,  
And tell the world I am your strumpet.  
In *Troy* what credit shall I find,  
And leave in *Greece* such shame behind?

When



When all the Town begins to stinck on't,  
What will the modest Ladyes think on't?  
You'l doubt as I left one for you,  
I'll serve your self the same sawce too.  
You'l be the first your self will bang me,  
I'de rather farr your Grace wou'd hang me.

You promise heaps of *Trojan* Mountains,  
But I more prize my Native Fountains.  
If any of your *Hectors* kick me  
Ith' Dirt, who have I there to lick me?  
*Medea* was by *Iason* nubbled,  
At such a rate I may be bubble'd,  
Poor silly *Devils* like my self,  
Do often Split upon that shelf.

Your Teeming Dam brought forth a Link,  
Which fierd *Troy*, and made 'em stink:  
Besides, some old prophetick Magots,  
That *Troy* should smoke with *Grecian* Fagots.  
I fear

I fear 'em both ; nor is there trusting  
To *Venus* in our Aid to thrust in.  
They'l be reveng'd : the roeing Lyon,  
Rob'd of his prey, with Death will fly on.  
So great a wrong his Rage wou'd rouze,  
And all my friends his cause Espouse.  
You boast of Courage, but alas,  
Ther's little sign on't in your face,  
To turn it on thy swift pursuers :  
Great Talkers are the meanest Doers.  
Let Soldiers tend their Trump, and Rattle,  
Thou'rt timberd for a safer Battle :  
And *Heſtor* mind his siege and Sallyes,  
That's good for nothing but the Gallows.

Yet why shou'd fears my heart amuse,  
Had I as much wit as a Goofs ?  
I'm modest yet upon the sent ;  
In time I may grow impudent.

You

you hant my Burrou late and Early,  
And only do desire a parley:  
This is the Substance of your chat,  
But I can guess what you'd be at.  
In time, upon it you may chop,  
And after seeds may bring a Crop.

This is enough without more shiness,  
To let you understand my Kindness.  
My womans trusty proof, and let her,  
Who knows the Jig, inform thee Better.

---

*Penelope*

# PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

---

## The ARGUMENT.

*The Rape of Helen, having carried all the Grecian Princes to the Siege of Troy. Ulysses, among the rest there signaliz'd his manhood and prudence particularly. But the Siege at an end, and he not returning with the other Captains, Penelope sends this Letter in Quest of him. She had renderd her self as deservedly famous on her part by resisting all the while the importunity of her suitors, with an unusuall Constancy and fidelity. She complains to Ulysses, of their Caviage, she likewise tells him her apprehensions and fears for him during the War, and since acquaints him with the ill posture of his family through his absence, and desires him to hasten home, as the only means to set all right again.*

**T**O thy own Pen at length break home;  
Send not, but with a vengeance come.

Troy does not keep you now to guzle,

Not twenty Troys are worth that buzle.

I wish

I wish the Ruffian some stout Seaman  
 Had Drown'd him bound to *Lacedemon*  
 I shou'd not then have half the grumblings  
 Of tedious days, and midnight tumblings.  
 Nor half the pains and Labour take,  
 And work and weave till fingers ake.

I fear'd thy Coxcomb they did cuddle,  
 Which made my Spouts drop many a puddle.  
 The *Trojans*, were your Camp surrounding  
 At *Heſtors* name, I fell a fowning.  
 When *Nestor's* Brat by *Heſtor* masterd,  
 My Ars made Buttons for the Bastard.  
 And how *Patroclus* paid for's sham,  
 I cou'd not chose but curs and dam.  
*Tlepolem* got a prick ith' Breech,  
 And I cou'd not forbear to scratch.  
 What ever *Greeks* fell in the fray,  
 I straight fell down as dead as they.

Yet

Yet 'tis some Comfort in the showing  
That thou shou'd live to scape a scowring.  
*Troy's* burnt, amongst the blundering sots  
My Husband's roreing or'e his pots,  
The Bonfires blaze, the Rockets thunder,  
And all our Cabbins cram'd with plunder.  
The women rive their Husbands wallets,  
And sing *Troy's* Downfall in new Ballats.  
For very Joy we're grown so lavish,  
The Wives their very Husbands ravish.

Some spil their Cups, and draw the fable  
Of all the siege upon the Table.  
This *Simois*, that the *Sigan* Hall was,  
And this was *Priams* lofty Palace.  
Here sculks *Ulysses*, there *Achilles*,  
Here *Heſtor* torn with Mares and Fillies,  
This I was All inform'd by *Nestor*,  
And how you gave the foe a Glister.

*Delon*

*Dolen* nor *Rhes* your sword escaping,  
Banter'd the one, took th' other napping.  
Amongst the tents thou art fool hardy,  
But to remember us too tardy.

Wast thou not raveing Mad to fall,  
Oth' Camp thy self, and kill 'em all?  
I thought thou had more grace or wit,  
To take 'em when they were at sh—  
And not to run such desperat Courses,  
To rob their Crates, and steal their Horses.

You *Troy* have rais'd out of the Margin,  
What good have I got by the Bargain?  
To your poor *Pen* it's all as one,  
To *Dildo* damn'd to do alone,  
For notwithstanding all your swaggar,  
To me all's standing but your Daggar.

Now Nettles grow in *Priams* stair-case,  
Manur'd with Dung of *Trojan* carcals:

H

Nor

Nor court nor Cabbin, mud, nor stone,  
Nor *Trojan* left, but skulls and Bones.  
What mischief can detain thee now?  
Am I not worthy then to know?  
When all your friends are homewards throng-  
To hang an *Ars*, and spoil my Longing. (ing  
Ther's not a Sculler makes a shore,  
But I enquire thee 'ore and 'ore.  
I call for Liquor to be nibling,  
And o're the pot I fall a scribling.  
To *Pylor* then I sent pell-mell,  
But cou'd not have one syllable.  
To *Sparta* too who can't devise in?  
What course thou tak'st to practize in?  
Wou'd I were certain of thy Landing,  
Or that those Cabbins yet were standing;  
Then might we, (had you kept your Meares,)  
Know where abouts you're with your beares.  
But



But to be no where on the spot,  
I fear, I fear,—I know not what.  
And do suspect at this wide Distance  
Thou'rt got amongst the wild Phylistins;  
Or that you have forlook your shallop  
To fall aboard some other trallop.  
And tells her what a dowdy Mawkin  
I am, that thus deserves your Bawking.

Plague on this jealous humour, rot it,  
I'll never break my Brains about it.  
Vanish vain thoughts, and shake your Crums,  
He'l be with me when e're he comes.  
My Father wou'd have had me truckled  
To an old Fop, and made thee Cuckold.  
He led me such a weary Life,  
But let 'em raile, I am still thy wife.  
I wou'd not yet, thy own dear Penny  
Give my *Ulysses* for a Guennie.

H 2

Thy

Thy Loving *Pen* will make 'em flee for't,  
And be thy wife, or else I'll die for't.

From *Crete*, from *Samos*, *Rhodes*, and *Zants*,  
Drunk every day with Ale and Nants,  
Such Troops of Raggamuffins come,  
As eat thee out of house and home.  
*Medon*, and *Polyb*, and *Pesander*,  
And gray *Eurimachus* the gander,  
With thousands more defile your towels,  
And feast upon our very Bowels.  
*Melanch*, and *Irus* the Bulbeggar,  
Riffle, and rummage up your Leager.  
In mine and their own Dung they wallow,  
And of my Breech the favour follow.  
You're e'en but well enough rewarded,  
Your house is like to be well guarded.  
A feeble Gray-beard always tippling,  
A helpless wife, and a young stripping;  
Whom

Whom late we were like to loose the Spaniell  
 Half drown'd, as he but crost the Kennell.  
 But God forbid till 't be his Cours  
 To lay my head as well as yours:  
 And may the youth still live, and thrive,  
 While he sees any one alive.

The Nurse, the Hogheard, and the Hind  
 To wish the same are all so kind,  
 With old *Laertes* my protectors.  
 But what are they amongst the Hectors?  
 To trust *Telemach*, I had rather,  
 But hee's an Urchin like the Father.  
 I' what am I? — 'las I'm not able  
 To deal with such a Ribble-Rabble.

Come soon, or els the Devill burst you,  
 For you are all we have to trust to.

So may your son grow up a Scholar,  
And old *Laertes* cease his Choler.  
I blooming, when you gave the Bag,  
Am now becom a wither'd Hag.

---

*Hypsipyle,*

# HYPsipYLE

TO

## I A S O N.

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### The ARGUMENT.

*The Desire of gaining the Golden Fleece put Jason upon a Voyage to Cholchos. In his passage he stopt at the Island Lemnos; of which place Hypsipyle was then Queen, famed for her pious saving of her Father Thoas. In a general massacre of the men there by the women of that Country. Her Entertainment of Jason so kind as induced him to stay there two years, at the end of which he left the Island, and the Queen (then big with Child) and after a thousand vows of Constancy and a speedy Return, pursues his first intended voyage, and arrives at Cholchos; where Aeta was King. Medea his Daughter falls deeply in Love with Jason, and by her charms he gained the Golden Fleece, with which and Medea he secretly saild home to Thessaly. Hypsipyle bearing of his Landing with her more happy Rival Medea, writes him this Epistle.*

**L** Aden they say with a stoln Cargo,  
In *Theffaly* lyes pilfring Argo.  
Id'e send thee wellcom, did I know,  
From thy own mouth that it were so.  
To break the Banes you did not stickle  
Against the wind, then thee less fickle.  
If you don't think me worth your Labour,  
You might have sent a price of paper.

Why shou'd the Rabble crack our Sculls,  
Before thy self with tales of Bulls?  
Clods fought with Clods, sprung up and slew  
Each other without help of you.  
Poor thief, what have you else to brag on,  
But of his Fleece you robb'd the Dragon?  
Wou'd I cou'd say when folks deny it,  
Here hee's himself to justify it.

Yet I cou'd cease my jealous grunting,  
Cou'd I but say you are my Bunting.

But

But ah! that hope is vain! a Witch  
 Has got my *Bunting* by the Britch.——  
 Wou'd I cou'd say, ( but fears bedung me )  
 Wou'd I cou'd say, my Dear I wrong thee.

Here came a Stroler starv'd with hunger,  
 I ask'd him for my Mutton-munger ;  
 Lives he ? —— or is he dead or living?  
 Or with what Jilt is he a wiving?  
 He Lives, said he; I made him swear it,  
 He swore by *Styx*, yet still I fear it.

He bid me leave my idle talking,  
 That you the Bulls were just now yoaking ;  
 The Serpent spawn'd a crop of Heroes,  
 In native Buff, and Bandilieroes ;  
 And by their own intestine fury,  
 Off-hand did one another worry.  
 I ask'd again, Lives he, or no?  
 Or prethee tell me so or so;

He

He slyly kept me in the dark yet,  
And makes the best of a bad Market.  
Yet cannot he for all his Blanks  
But shew the baseness of thy pranks.  
Oh! Where are all your Lies and Flattering,  
So often set my mouth a watering?  
What wind to *Lemnos* blew you hither?  
Or why shou'd I admit you either?  
Here's neither Sheep, nor Fleece of Gold,  
Nor is my *Lemnos* a Pinfold.  
At first I did design to trap thee,  
And set the Women on to clap thee;  
The *Lemnian* Girls are buxom wenches,  
And wou'd have carbona'd thy haunches.  
For two full years, e're thou wast budging,  
Under my roof I gave thee lodging:  
Then sneak away to play the thief,  
Pretending you were full of grief.

Don't



Don't fret thy ſelf, my Heart and Liver

I'll come again, if I come ever —

Then bubbles at the ſnout, and maunders,

As if your Noſe had got the glaunders.

Then to the Harbor with a ſtrong gale,

You clear'd the ground tag rag, and long tail.

Of all the crew you made a Din moſt,

And cry'd the Devil take the hinmoſt.

Up to the Garret I was fled,

And cry'd my eyes out of my Head;

Gazing as far as I cou'd ſee,

Till I loſt them as well as thee.

Full oft I wiſh'd thee here a mumping,

But thou rewardſt me with a thumping.

It made me mad, to think a Hag,

Shou'd give thee ſuch a Running Nag;

Shall I clean diſhes deck the Kitchen,

For one that loves to be a Bitching?

I always fear'd your Dads contrival  
That I shou'd have a Grecian Rival.  
But she's no *Greek*, ah can you rump it,  
With such a lewd *Barbarian* strumpet?  
Who with her spells can only flout ye,  
Nor can she slave you with her Beauty.

She'll stop the Moon by Magick, infold  
The Sun, and clap them in a pinfold;  
She curbs the Waves, and stops the Fountains  
(tains.  
And from their Seat moves Woods and Moun-  
She'll scorch your very Bones within,  
And make 'em rattle in your skin;  
She'll gore a Fly, a Bat, or Beetle,  
At Ten miles distance with her Needle;  
And in a Print of moulten Butter,  
Give them the Running, Gripes, and Squitter.  
'Tis Form and Beauty moves the Tilters,  
But she secures you with her Philters.

How

How can you doat on such a witch,  
 And hug a Syren like a Bitch?  
 You as the Bulls she yoak't ith' wagon,  
 And tames you as she did the Dragon.  
 For all your pride linkt to this Quean  
 You'll loose your Credit quite and clean.  
 Nay by the censuring world 'tis babbled,  
 That by her spells you are inabled,  
 And the stol'n Fleece of corl'd silver  
*Medea* did not *Iason* pilfer.

It was not he that stole the Ram  
 The Devill *Iason*, but his Dam.  
 A northern las! a pretious Beauty!  
 To love and parents shew more Duty.  
 Let some wild Ruffian thither gallop,  
 A fitter Match for such a trallop.

*Iason* more fickle than the weather,  
 Can vows nor oaths brings us to gether?  
 You

You parted mine, return so too,  
Lest Do't, and make no more a do.  
If Beauty Birth or parts can move,  
Or Breeding to oblige thy Love,  
Know I am *Thoas* only *Heirefs*,  
The very best in all the *Parish*.  
Oth' right side got by Mother and Sire,  
And Drunken *Bacchus* was my Granfire.  
These, and my *Lemnos* make a Dowry  
Enough for any filching *Tory*.  
I Mother am, be thou a Father,  
And of the gravill ease my blather.

Your Brace of twins, those chattering Rooks,  
Saveing your guilt, retain your Looks,  
In all things els so like your snout  
As if your self had spit 'em out.  
Those I had sent in stead oth' Letter,  
To plead their Cause, and mine the better.

Did

Did I not fear *Medea's* malice  
 Wou'd send them straightway to the Gallows;  
 Wou'd she that made a mortall hash  
 Of her own Brothers, spare my flesh?  
 Yet in your arms this forcerefs lyes,  
 And you conceit you have a prize:

Falſe Fool I blame, but do not wonder  
 What made the *Lemmon* wenches thunder.  
 Suppose the fates had us'd their Engines  
 To blow thee hither with a Vengeance:  
 What Impudence cou'd thou assume  
 To see thy Brats and me at home?  
 Thus to betray thy flesh and blood?  
 Hang thee, nay hanging is to good.

Tho' I perhaps had spar'd thy Iacket,  
 I shou'd have riv'd the witches placket.  
 To her I shou'd *Medea* prove.  
 If *Jove* regards my Injur'd Love

May

May that loath'd Hag my Bed defil'd  
Be by her own Designes beguild.  
And may she be for all your Fleeces,  
By Dogs for Carrion torn apieces.  
May her old Sire, and Brothers Murder,  
Be her own Doom, so God reward her.  
And may she split upon that shelf,  
Till in Dispair she hangs her self.

---

*Phadra*

# P H Æ D R A

## T O

# HYPOLYTUS.

---

### The ARGUMENT.

*Theseus the son of Ægeus having slain the Minotaur promised to Ariadne, the Daughter of Minos and Pasiphæ, for the Assistance of which she gave him to carry her home with him, and make her his wife. So together with her sick Phædra they went on board, and and sail'd to Chios, where being warn'd by Bacchus he left Ariadne, and Married her sister Phædra, who afterwards in Theseus her Husbands absence, fell in Love with Hypolytus her son in Law, who had vowed Celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefor since she cou'd not conveniently otherwise; she chose by this Epistle to give him an account of her passion.*

**I**F thou 'rt unkind my pretty Elf,

**I**I shall go near to Hang my self.

Read this I pray, and then consider

What gripeings I have in my Blather.

I

Thus

Thus we by notes confer with ease  
Which serve us in our privacies.

Thrice my sad Tale, e're I a word  
Cou'd utter fell into a T—  
I sham'd to say I was besh—  
But what I blusht to speak, I writ.  
'T is dangerous to resist such motions,  
The Gods themselves do take their potions :  
They promis'd me to fend thee hither,  
That we might take a Doze together;  
And with a pill or a Compound,  
To purge thee of the weather-bound ;  
Yet when I first was marry'd, then he  
Found me as neat as any penny.  
But a Fice smother'd in the skin,  
When it's not out, stinks wors within.  
As a young puppy learnt to fetch,  
Is pincht and lasht, and strookt and scratcht :

So



So you resolve e're I be idle,  
To make me bite upon the Bridle.

When Love was young the whore bepist her,  
In riper years she took a glister.

To thee I mortgage Tick and feather,  
Lets be undon, and bed together.

How can you spare the fruit that growes,  
And still lyes bobbing at your Nose?

But now my Beauty had no match,  
Shall I begin to paint and patch?

I for thy Love no hazard fear,  
It is no Sin unless you swear.

Shou'd *Juno* give her (what de'e call it)  
Id'e quit her *Jove* for my *Hypolyt*.

With thee I've witht these many years,  
To have a frisk amongst the Beares.

To dabble in the Bogs and fountains,  
And drive the Beagles o're the Mountains.

To get a Green-gown while I lie  
Oth' grafs? Wou'd you stand pimping by?

I have a little hand wheal-barrow,  
And thick and thin I venture thorow.  
Drunk in my Cups I stamp and stair,  
Rageing, and mad as a march hare,  
And make my self a very stalkhors  
Amongst the Bulkers, and night walkers.  
And whilst you are amongst your wenches,  
I find my self where the shoo pinches.

Is it a Fate ith' Blood that *Venus*  
With infamy resolves to stein us?  
It is a blessed Generation  
When whore and Rogue's all the Relation.  
*Europa* long'd for a mad Bull,  
And had of him her Belly full:  
And to her shame I had a mother,  
E'en as good at it as the other.

The

The Filer *Thesens* by my sister,  
The Monster flew, for which he kist her.  
The self same course my self am steering,  
There's nere a Barrell better Herring.  
It was unlucky for us Both,  
She lov'd the Father, I the youth :  
Say then two sisters are undon,  
Both by the Father and the son.

When first we met at Country farm,  
Wou'd I had broke a Leg or arm,  
*Elenfis* was the fatal place,  
I wou'd I nere had seen that face ;  
That face so fair, for all to see,  
Was an unlucky one to me.  
Thy Drawers, Charcole-Wife, and Waist-coat,  
Became thee better then a lac'd Coat.  
At pleasure to slip on and doff,  
As home, and plain as a pike-staff.

I 3

I Love

I Love it best, I will not flatter  
 Because it most resembles nature.  
 If thou but sneeze or let a fart,  
 I smile; and say 'tis don with art;  
 Or see thee poise thy little Tool,  
 E'en any thing does please the Fool.

But in the Woods pursue thy freaks  
 And meddle not with such a Jacques.  
 Must Country Trulls have all the sport  
 And starve the Ladyes of the Court?  
 For Heaven's sake Lad forbear high Toss,  
 Or thoult come home by weeping Cross.

Famous was *Cephalus* the Kildog  
 For slaying many a Curr, and Milldog.  
 Yet him *Euroa* did bewitch,  
 Who left his old for a young Bitch.  
 Under a shade her amorous Boy  
*Venus* did often occupie.

*Atlantis*

*Atlantas* lay with *Melcager*,  
And did together for a wager.

Between two pooles there is a Kennall  
Adorn'd with Beds of Leeks and Fennell.

Thither to th' Bawdy Bank I'll come,  
One Bit abroad's worth two at home.

Wee'l tumble on a Bed of parsley  
T' our with the thief is gon to *Theffaly* :

There taken up with Cinder sooty,  
Then thou or I a better Booty.

And there to show his further malice  
Against us Both, he huffs and rallys :

He gave my Brothers Bum a glister,  
And plaid the Rascal with my Sister.

With Ducks and Geese to find his Fox meat,  
And left her in the woods for Hawks meat

Amongst the Beasts where thou wast foster'd  
To rob thy Right, and make thee a Bastard :

And tho' I brought him more by others,  
They're all his own, thy very Brothers.  
Then do not stand on Terms of Duty,  
Who left thee here to me a Booty.  
He did it first, art thou afraid  
Then to defile thy Fathers Bed?  
If neither frightens me, nor shames,  
Mother and Son are but mear names  
Of fear and Duty to amaze  
The folks in old Queen *Besses* days.  
But honest *Jove* full often kist her,  
And made no Bones of his own Sister.  
Nor matters it so near a Kin,  
The nearer that the deeper in:  
And all will praise us when a Mother  
And Son's so kind to one another.

Nor wou'd we keep it in the dark yet,  
Wee'l hug, and kiss ith' open Market;

For

For were we catch't in naked Bed,  
My Legs and Arms about thee spread,  
It is but Mother and the Son,  
And who can guess what we have done?

Only make haste my pretty Duck,  
For I e'en long to give thee Suck.  
Between my Breasts to get thee once  
I'll fall upon my Marrow-bones,  
And kiss the Borders of thy Jerkin,  
To please thee I will shew my Merkin,  
Nor can the Fur my Youth affright.  
In love it is a decent sight:  
For when with Action we grow bolder,  
Shame flies the Field like beaten Soldier.

Forgive I pray this fond Confession,  
And pitty, pitty my Transgression.

What

What tho' my Father keep a blunder,  
And my old Grandfire huff and thunder,  
Tho' with the richness of the Glas  
The Cuckold had a ruby face,  
To love their Honours but a Slave  
If thou'lt not me their Credit save.

All *Crete* I'll bring thee for a Dower,  
Thou shalt have all things in my power.  
For *Venus* sake then taste my Haggise,  
And never mind a scornful Baggidge.  
So may *Diana* raise thy Flame,  
And every spot afford thee Oame.  
So may the little Country Cracks,  
Fall all before thee on their Backs,  
And all the Milk-maids Piggins burst  
In heat of Love to quench thy Thirst.

Mil-



Millions of Tears I joyn with Cries.  
Which as thou readst with those dear Eyes,  
Think that thou seest the Floods that rise  
To wish thee here between my Thighs.

DIDO

# D I D O T O Æ N E A S.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Æneas the Son of Venus and Anchises, having at the Destruction of Troy, saved his Gods, his Father, and Son Ascanius from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Sail of Ships, and having been long tost with Tempests, was at last Cast upon the Shoar at Lybia, where Queen Dido (flying from the Cruelty of Pigmalion her brother, who had killed her Husband Sicheas) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his Fleet with great Civility, fell passionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the last Favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in Search of Italy (a Kingdom promised to him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain try'd all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.*

**S**O in the Fallows of *Menander*  
The mournful Goose gaggles for Gander.  
Not

Not that I doubt a greater Mischance,  
Or hope t' enjoy thee at this distance ;  
But having lost my better half,  
Why should I fear to cast my Calf?

'Tis then decreed poor *Dido's* left  
Of thee, and all thou hast bereft.

While thou designs amongst such Trumpery  
Had rather have thy Room then Company.  
Nor can my kindness yet restrain you,  
You seek a Whore that would refrain you.  
You shun your old Friend for a new one,  
See what you get by playing Truant.

Suppose unto your wish you landed,  
Then like a Coxcomb be Disbanded ;  
What Cully is so void of Sense  
To hope to find an honest Wench ?  
Yet you refuse your old *Cunnabling*,  
And in new holes love to be dabling.

When

When will your Truls such pleasure show  
As mine, above, or yet below?

If twenty such you chance to see,  
You'll never find the like of me.

For oh! I burn alive, Pox rot 'em,  
With those same things as I had got 'em.

*Aeneas* is my daily Theam,  
And all the night of him I dream.  
Yet he (ungrateful) is abscond,  
Fool that I was to be so fond.  
My self alone can nothing do,  
Which makes me oftner wish for you.

Oh! *Cupid*, pittty me, and make  
Thy Brother kinder for my sake.  
I'me raging mad to think that *Venus*  
With such a Scoundrel shou'd bestein us;  
Such an unluckey Harlots Bird,  
Thou *Venus* Son? thou *Venus* T——d,  
Sprung

Sprung from the Droppings of a Dish-clout,  
Or from the Scummings of a Piss-pot.

Drawn in a Flood from her Inferiors,  
She blew thee out of her Posteriors,  
Which made a Bouncing and a Rattle,  
Like windy Ale in strait-mouth'd Bottle;  
A noise like that makes neighbouring Nation  
Take snuff in Nose, and fall in passion.

That rais'd the Billows with a Powder,  
A *Hurricane* cou'd not be lower.

Yet rather then thou shou'd be packing,  
I wou'd dispence with all thy cracking

Thou dost deserve to hang, thy swingers  
And thee, but I'll not 'file my Fingers.

By shunning me you fall in Chinks,  
The more you stir the worse it stinks.

Stay but alittle till the Tide  
Be turn'd, and I am satisf'd

Stay

Stay only while your blood does Flow,  
And when it's out, then freely go.

Know'st thou not yet the many dangers  
In unknown Pools do happen Strangers?  
The Fire-Ships flaming in the Center,  
How are you then so bold to venture?  
Which were it safe from Node or Shanker,  
A thousand Mischiefs in it Anchor.  
In that Abyss the Fates have Engines  
For to revenge you with a Vengeance.  
There all your *Mains Chance* often *Nicks*,  
To pay at last for all your tricks ,  
Thus I thy safety do propound,  
And clapt my self to keep thee sound.  
False as thou art I'de not contrive  
Thy Death to have thee rot alive.  
I rather ( as thou dost design )  
Thou liv'd to be the cause of mine,

Shou'd

Shou'd thou be Poxt by any Woman,  
( But Heav'n I pray forbid the Omen )  
While for Revenge my Fury cries out,  
My very Ghost wou'd pull thy eyes out.  
Foaming at mouth think how I rore,  
And bait thee like a Butter-whore.  
Shou'd Pains and Ulcers then like Thunder  
Seize thee and tear thy Soul afunder,  
What could'st thou say in thy defence,  
But 'tis what I deserv'd long since ?

Lest this should happen, be no Ranger,  
But stay at home to shun the danger.  
Think of thy Brats, if not thy Granfire,  
For me thou'lt have enough to Answer.  
What have they done that thou'lt be ganging?  
Was't to be drown'd they scap'd a hanging?  
But thou preserv'd not Son nor Father,  
But Wind to fill an Empty Blather.

K

Thy

Thy Tales of *Troy* were all Romances,  
Nor I first gull'd amongst thy Wenches.  
Did you not leave among the Bogs  
Your own *Crensa* to the Dogs?  
This Cruelty my heart did fire,  
That thou shou'd deal so basely by her,  
Nor do I doubt for such abuses,  
(Tho' you pretend a thousand 'scuses)  
The Fates conspir'd with Sea and Wind  
To Plague, and serve thee in thy kind.  
Thy tattard Crew, those lean Rascallions,  
Those lousy skirv'd *Taterdemallions*,  
Like drown'd Rats cast ashoar I fed,  
And made thee free of Board and Bed.  
To succour them at such a Season  
Was kind, the rest was out of reason.

    'Curst be the Shower that did Pelter;  
When to the Ditch we went for shelter,

The



The Dairy wenches, and the Milk-Maids  
That little knew thy knack to Bilk Maids,  
When they began to tune their Pallets,  
I thought had fung our Wedding Ballets.  
But now I find the Fury's Barked,  
The lamentation of bad Market.

Oh Honesty! where art thou Banisht?  
Exact thy due from him that's Vanisht;  
By Death redeem my Reputation,  
And let my Ghost blow up the Nation.

Close by my Thighs, a gloomy thicket  
Lies languishing for thee, my *Pricket*.  
There reath'd with flowers longs to be at you,  
Altho' it were but with your Statue.  
Last night methought he scratcht my Bum,  
And twice he cry'd, my *Dido* come.  
She comes indeed, and hears thy Summons,  
But cannot brook your single Commons.

Forgive the wrongs thy Bed I offer'd,  
Thou askt no sooner then 'twas proffer'd.  
Thy Mother Bawd, and Sire who is Chief  
Of all the Pimps, did all the Mischief.

He came of such a noble Race,  
I wish I had him by the face.  
But ill luck got me by the Scut,  
And as it open'd let it shut.

My fool, my Brother flew at th' Altar,  
He took his Goods, and left a Halter.  
Friendless and Pennyless with Rumping  
I clear'd the ground, and went a mumping  
To Forreign Countreys, where my Brother  
Cou'd not discern me from another.  
And here a Stroler from the Tenants,  
I bought this spot to do my Pennance,  
With all the Garden-Plats and Ditches,  
To entertain thee and thy Bitches.

And

And rais'd these Walls by Theft and Plunder,  
To all my Neighbours fear and wonder:  
But most their fear, for much they dread  
The Roof will fall upon their head.  
And now they Arm with Spade and Shovel  
With Topsy-turvey to unruffle.  
I must have a man to find me Mortar,  
A Woman's but a weak supporter,  
And yet a thousand Gulls a Drinking  
Wou'd for my sake keep all from sinking;  
Who tho they offer Sheep and Mutton  
To thee, I value not a Button.  
To Proud *Hyarbas* let me Sail,  
(For this must be if we sell Ale)  
Or to my Husbands Murd'rer leave me,  
What Eye sees not, Heart cannot grieve me.  
Go then fond Rustick, trace the Mildews,  
But leave behind your Tools and Dildoes.

Touch not that Spot, who art not such,  
Thou with a pair of Tongues should touch.

• Thy bawdy fist it more disdains  
That e're it caught me by the Reins.

• Perhaps my greatest shame's to come,  
Since thou lay pelting at my Bum.

My Souderkin and I ( God wot )

Must both together go to Pot ;

And tho' unborn, with guiltless Mother,  
Resolve to dye with one another.

• Some God thou saist sent thee aground,  
Wou'd I 're as sure of twenty Pound,  
Or the same God, beshrew his Garters,  
Had found thee out some other Quarters.

But whether 'twas a God or Devil,  
No thanks to them, you found me Civil.  
Nor do I doubt but he the Calf  
That put thee on, will bring thee off.

You're

You're bound to *Tiber* for new plunder,  
And there you hope to purchase Wonders.  
But when thou'rt there thou'lt be at best,  
I fear me, but a sorry Guest.

Yet it may live to bauk thy Fleet,  
When thou hast nere a nose to see't.

A Crown in ready is my Dower,  
Here thou art safe a Conquerour,  
Here thou may Fix thy *Troy* and Historys,  
And young *Ascanius* get a Mistress,  
And while we sleep in a whole skin,  
Bring Grist to Mill, and make no din.

By *Cupid's* Arrows I adjure thee,  
And all the Gods that forward spur thee,  
As thou dost pittie one unhappy,  
That has no crime, but that she clapt thee;  
Come home with all the speed you can,  
What is a Miss without a man?

I am not spawn'd from fierce *Achilles*,  
Nor did my Parents owe thee Malice,  
To be thy Wife if 'tis offence,  
I'm satisfi'd to be thy Wench.

To have thee here upon the spot,  
What would I be? What wou'd I not?

Our *Libian* Coasts do know our Seasons,  
When you may best Ship off your Peasants,  
Refer it to my care and leasure,  
When you are safe then use your pleasure.  
Your weary Slaves wou'd be content;  
Their Shirts are torn, and Masts are spent.  
If by the nose I cannot lead thee,  
What Merit can't, let Love persuade thee.

Stay till I learn a while to juggle,  
And give me time with grief to struggle,  
If not, know this—I'll neer endure  
A Malady admits no cure.

My

My Life's too weak, the Devill too strong on't,  
I'll hang my self, ther's short and long on't.

Death holds my pen, and stops my Eyes  
While crose my Lap the halter lyes.

I Scow'r for very fear with thinking  
My windpipe short will spoil my drinking.  
My funerall pomp will cost thee faire  
To pay't with threepence worth of ware.  
Thy Gift! A Rope light on the Tool  
Is e'en too good for such a Fool.

To no new wounds I make a buzzle,  
The old Noose Love has stopt my guzle.  
And thou dear Nanny make a shift  
To help me out, at a dead Lift,  
And all my Neighbours with a scritch  
Be sure to throw me in some Ditch;  
But lay me not my Husbands grave in,  
Because with Horns I did beslave him.

Write

Write only this short Epitaph.

*Here Dido lyes that lov'd to quaff,*

*Æneas left me rope, the Elf,*

*And I did fairly hang my self.*

THE



*The Foregoing*

E P I S T L E

O F

D I D O

T O

Æ N E A S,

By another hand.

---

SO in the fallows of *Menander*,  
The mournfull Goos gaggl's for Gander.  
Not that I doubt a greater mischance,  
Or hope t' enjoy thee at this distance;  
But

But having lost my better half,  
Why shou'd I fear to cast my Calf?

*And so forward, for it is so like the former Epistle, that one may indifferently serve for both, and I am loath to trouble the Reader with needless Repetition.*

*Acontius*

# ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.

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## The ARGUMENT.

*Acontius in the Temple of Diana at Delos (famous for the resort of the most Beautifull Virgins of all Greece) fell in Love with Cydippe, a Lady of Quality much above his own; not daring therefore to court her openly he found this Device to obtain her: He writes upon the fairest Apple that cou'd be procured a Couple of verses to this Effect.*

“ I sweare by chaste *Diana* I will be

“ In sacred wedlock ever joyn'd to thee.

*And throws it at the feet of the young Lady. She suspecting not the Deceit takes it up, and reads it, and therein promises her self in Marriage to Acontius, there being a Law there in force, that whatever any person shou'd swear in the Temple of Diana of Delos, should stand good and be inviolably observed.*

*Ent*

*But her Father not knowing what had past, and having not long after promis'd her to another, just as the solemnities of Marriage were to be performed, she was taken with a sudden and violent seizure, which Acontius, endeavours to perswade her was sent from Diana as a punishment of the Breach of the Vow made in her presence. And this with the rest of the Arguments which on such an occasion wou'd occur to Lovers, is the subject of the following Epistle.*

**R**ead freely this my pretty Dearing,  
 And leave your bounceing and your  
 Read it I say, for I wou'd fain (swearing  
 That we shou'd both be out of pain,  
 And after all your Mercury  
 You shou'd be found to do with me.

Why do you blush like any Bear,  
 As when you in the porch did swear.  
 To speak the truth you need no drivell,  
 For speak the truth, and shame the Devil.  
 But be asham'd to steal, for I  
 My pretty Soul mean honestly.

Oh.

Oh ! think upon those words were slipping,  
And the late Motto of the pippin,  
When to your feet it came a tripping  
And you the Apple fell a gripping.

There you will find the Oaths and Curses,  
Which if we mind our health or purses,  
You ought to have so great a Care  
That you perform 'em to a hair.  
*Diana* heard your vows alone,  
That Chit will tell you of your own.  
You'd better farr to say, and hoid  
Then to provoke so rank a scold.

My fears for thee do make me jealous,  
And fierce Desire's blow up the Bellows.  
For hope you gave, you can't deny it,  
The Nymph was by to justify it.  
She was, and heard you every Tittle  
In lucky hand she blew a Spittle.

Her

Her Statue bow'd and play'd at noddie,  
And gave consent to yield your Body.

Now if you please accuse the Cheat,  
But say 'twas Love that did the feat.  
For by that cheat what more was ment,  
But to cheat you by your own consent?  
What you a Crime, I count a glory,  
Since Loveing you is all the story.  
Such Crimes with pride I will persue,  
If I can have my Ends of you.

Nor am I practis'd in the flys  
And webs to 'tangle Virgin flys.  
Nature taught me, and you know Nature  
Did not designe to cog, nor flatter.  
I laid the Bait, you bit the fly,  
And Love a finger had ith' Pie.  
For Love stood by, and did indite  
The very words that I did write.

Again

Again I write Love, holds the Taper,  
He guides my pen, and rules my paper.

Again I send you such sweet mater,  
As I'm afraid will make you water.  
But if for this your slave you damn,  
I'll nere be less then what I am.  
Oh! that I thus might still be guilty  
In finding out new ways to tilt thee.  
A Thousand paths lead to that Valley,  
And shall I stand on shall I? shall I?  
I'll break throw, all the stops that may be,  
Faint heart did never kiss fair Lady.

But what of this will be the Close,  
For me the Lord of *Oxford* knows.  
Yet if we Mortalls have a Mother  
You must be mine one way or other.  
If Art shou'd fail, I'll make a Riot,  
And ravish thee, if thou deny it.

L

I'll

I'll do it in a manner ample  
As e're the Worthys gave Example.

I too—But hold — I shall be nub'd  
Then be it so———

For let me be or hang'd or grub'd,  
Who wou'd not for a single touch  
Venture to take one gentle stretch?

If you were not a little proud,  
Id'e court you in the Common Road,  
Nor wou'd I go about the Bush,  
But take thee at the very push.

But thou art such a pretty Pad,  
It is enough to make one Mad,  
Those Eyes which do outshine a Custard,  
Which we may feast on without Mustard;  
Those Arms as cleer as Foot of Kite  
(Which shou'd be mine had I my Right)

That



That comely Confidence and grace  
With liveing Brass that Paints thy face;  
Those feet like *Thetis* in the flood,  
Inch deep with dabbling in the mud,  
And somthing els that I cou'd name,  
But have not yet beheld the same;  
With all the rest in sober sadness,  
Do serve but to encrease my madness.  
Cou'd I but see 'em all together,  
Wou'd make my heart light as a feather.

No Wonder then your Beauty's such  
That I shou'd long to have a touch,  
Now be as angry as the Devil,  
I cannot help the standing Evil.  
But give me leave before your face,  
To lay the Fiend your Spell did raise.  
Your pardon prostrate at your A--hole,  
I humbly beg, who am your Vassall

L 2

With

With a fresh stream your Rage I'll cool  
And lay the Tempest of your pool.  
To Love why are you so severe?  
While to the flower the point I rere,  
Summon'd by Beauty to appear  
For all my faults Id'e suffer there.

By pride do not my fancy pall,  
Beware, for pride will have a fall.  
Your fetters too — But they alas!  
Like Munkey tye me by the A—  
To bear it all, do what you can,  
You'l find I am so much a Man.  
Then will you say when I can get it,  
Who loves it better, Sure must eat it.  
And since for me yo've don all this  
I'll be thy own *Lyndabridis*,

But if all this shou'd not be takeing  
*Dina* was at Bargain making.

And

And sh 'has a plaguy Reach at Lyes,  
 And punishing of perjuryes.  
 I dread to hide, and dread to utter,  
 Least for my self you'd think I mutter.  
 But now 'tis out—'tis only this,  
 You fain wou'd be anothers Miss.  
 The pimp stays waiting in the port,  
 But the chaste Nymph prevents the sport.  
 And when you are upon the peg,  
 The Cramp still holds you by the Leg.

Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her,  
 Which you may yet, if you'l but stroak her  
 Forbear that face by too much strictness,  
 To stain with green, or yellow sickness.  
 Preserve those Looks (if Fates say truth)  
 Design'd a Dish for my own tooth.  
 Let these fresh Cheeks their Colour put on  
 That once might roast a Brest of Mutton.

But if our *Die* is in her fits,  
Because you do not mind your hits.  
Let me be haunted with that spirit,  
My back is broad enough to bear it.  
It makes my very Bowels quake  
To think thy finger shou'd but ake.

For ah! how am I rack't and tortur'd!  
And every Minute drawn and quarter'd!  
Sometimes it twists me in the nose  
To think that I shou'd be the cause.  
And beg my *Dina* for your sake  
To lay the Burden on my Back.

But ah! in vain I do contrive all,  
For now perhaps you hug my Rival;  
Under pretence to ease your pain,  
He takes you in the merry vein;  
• Tries how your pulses beat before,  
And slips his saucy fist down Lower.

Kisses

• Kisses your hand, turns up your heels,  
And what he cannot see he feels.

You faucy Rascall who made you  
So bold, to rob me of my Due?  
For you are mine, so is that Bosome,  
For thee to reap did never blossom.  
Take, take away your bawdy pawes,  
That (firrah's) for your Master, sauce;  
Tho' she's *intail'd* on you, yet she  
Made o're her *Copy-hold* to me.  
You must not argue on that point  
For now your Nose is out of joynt.

• This my *Cydippe* is the Devil  
That is the cause of all our Evil,  
And makes our *Dina* fall a huffing  
To break your vows for such a Ruffian,  
My Dear forbid him then your house,  
And you are safe as Church in Mouse.

L 4

Then

Then keep the Oaths and Vows you mumbld  
Which *Dina* heard and understumbld.

Then fear not she will cool thy Liver,  
And be as good a friend as ever.

Some patiently turn up their Bum  
And kiss the Rod when they have don,  
And tho' a Lye deserves a Lashing,  
Shun being forsworn, and save a flashing.

Why do 'ye your parents crimes inhaunce,  
And keep the fools in ignorance?  
Then be not mealy mouth'd, but scatter  
The sum and substance of the matter.  
Oh tell thy Dam how I was Smitten  
With thy sweet face, thou with the pippin!  
She cannot call me Knave or Cheat,  
Nor choose but smile at the conceit.  
Marry sheel say with all my heart,  
Marriage and hanging do impart

A secret tye of Destiny;  
If't pleases them it pleases me.  
But if she ask from whence I came,  
Of what Degree, Estate, or Fame,  
Tell her, to satisfy the Dame,  
I'm not ashamed to shew my Name.  
Had you not vow'd, and made such tenders,  
And swore the Temple out at windors,  
I'm good enough, though ne'er a Ragon  
To Lard your Pullet with my Bacon.

This in my Dream *Diana* mutter'd,  
And *Cupid's* Shafts about me flutter'd.  
Go Fool, said they, leave off your dodging,  
This *Bill a Deux* send to her Lodging.  
Obey 'em both; for I am wounded  
By the young Rascal most confounded.  
Which if you pity, she the faster  
Who broke your head will give a Plaister.  
Then

Then to the business we will settle,  
You full of Hope, I full of Mettle.  
In Triumph then we'll cross the Fields,  
With all the Crowd about our heels.  
To th' Temple-Porch, where I will make  
A Pippin Present for thy sake :  
I'll throw whole Pecks about the street  
In *Memorandum* of the Cheat ;  
And on the Apple I'll inscribe  
This Wedding Posy for my Pride,  
*Know all men by these Presents, hence  
Cydicpe is an honest Wench.*  
I would write more but that your Pains  
Give me the Running of the Reins ,  
And you're so weak I'll not pursue you  
For fear lest I should overdo you.

CYDIPPE



CYDIPPE  
HER ANSWER TO  
ACONTIUS.

**I** Read your Note, tho' it was Blunt,  
Nor did I swear as I was wont.  
Nor had I valu'd it a whit,  
But that I feard the peevish Chit.  
You deal it seems with no small Bodies  
That to your friend have got a Goddes.  
Is she so Chast to plague a Virgin,  
She rather ought t'have been my Surgeon.  
But I have still the luck to deal  
With Carrion Beef instead of Veal.  
I'm sick I think oth' Mulligrubs,  
Eating chopt Hay with Sillabubs.

I languish so with inward Blisters  
I find no ease in Drugs nor Glisters.  
I write, I vow t'ye, in such pain,  
I'm ready to drop down again.  
And what most racks my *Pia mater*,  
Least ought but Nurs shou'd watch my water.  
To gain me time she plays at Trap,  
And tells my Friends I've ta'en a nap.  
More pain for you I cou'd not suffer,  
Tho' you had Goods to fill my Coffer,  
Beauty and love conspire together,  
'Twere happy had I ne'er known either.

Whilst with your Rival you are gabling,  
I lose my Fame by your damn'd babling.  
While two Dogs strive about the Bone,  
A third comes in and leaves them none.  
Thus while your Titles you confound,  
Betwixt two Stools I fall to ground.

The

The day draws on, and I must marry:  
My Parents press, nor can I tarry.  
But whilst the Groom waits at the port,  
Death steps between, and spoils the sport,  
Some call it Chance, and some disparage  
The Gods, to say they cross my Marriage.  
While some do censure, from your Fob  
You gave a Philtre did the Jobb.  
If you're so good at poysoning those  
That are your Friends, who'll be your Foes?

Wou'd I to Church ne'er found the way,  
Or that I'd broke my neck that day.  
When in your Port we fixt our Anchors,  
We were afraid of nought but shankers.  
Twice did cross winds oppose us there,  
Cross did I say? No they were fair.  
Those Winds were fair our Course withstood,  
It's an ill wind blows no one good.

Yet

Yet to see *Delos* I was willing,  
 Tho' for a Wind I'de giv'n a shilling.  
 By *Tenos* Isle and *Mycene*  
 We came to *Delos* by long Sea.  
 And much I fear'd your Land of Faries  
 Wou'd vanish with their Cows and Daries.

At night we Land, though not worth three-  
 (pence,  
 The Maids made me as fine as fi-pence;  
 Then to attend the shitten com sh ———  
 We go, and I throw in my Mite.  
 And while my Parents made Picamble  
 Of Grace, my Nurs and I did ramble.  
 We saw all things we could come at,  
 Pictures, and Wonders, God knows what:  
 But whilst those Rarities I spy,  
*Acontius* had me in his Eye;  
 And there while on my looks he fed,  
 A Sheeps Eye cast from a Calfs head.

Now

Now to the Spire we make a halt,  
Which sure should be no Bawdy Vault.  
With him no sooner did I grapple,  
But there I found the treacherous Apple.  
With this design—I vow and swear.  
Ah me! what do I do?——I fear  
Again I'm like to be forswore,  
But there's enough of that before.  
The name of Wife made me so great  
That I was tickled with conceit.  
Why should you cheat a silly maid  
At such a rate, and play the Jade?  
Is then the Nymph oblig'd to that,  
Without a touch you know of what?  
The will was good, why did you fear,  
You might believe tho' I did not swear.  
Yet have I still a damn'd suspicion  
That I am in an ill Condition.

Thrice

Thrice *Hymen* came to pick our locks,  
But thrice he parted with a Pox.  
And *Dina* still would Rule the Rost,  
My Parents gave me o're for lost.

What have I done you shou'd abuse me?  
When ignorance does still excuse me?  
Canst thou, even thou with all thy wit,  
Canst thou oblige her with a Bit?  
When to her<sup>a</sup> canst thou bring a fee  
That will excuse both thee and me?

Nor think thy Rival is allow'd  
A greater favour then the Crowd.  
For tho' he comes without resistance,  
I make the Rascall know his distance.  
If he but steal a kiss, he blushes,  
And strait his Nose with water gushes:  
He once had courage to beseech,  
I bid the Fool go kiss my Breech.

'Tis

'Tis such another *Nincompoop*,  
I sleep, and he begins to droop.  
He sees, yet keeps his Eyes a winking,  
Says nought, but pays it off with thinking.  
He's full of grief, I full of pain,  
And all this for a Rogue in grain.  
Your Worship writes for leave to come,  
To kiss the back side of my Bum.  
With finger in your mouth I warrant  
You'd have another sleeveless Errand,  
But thou'lt repent when thou dost see  
The Trophies of thy cruelty.  
My flesh is tawny, Cheeks grow dapple,  
Like the Completion of your Apple.  
Now Lad, thou wou'dst repent my swearing  
And hardly think me worth thy wearing.  
To *Delos* then wou'd hast to Ease thee  
And beg the Goddess to release thee.

M

O:

Or in thy Cranny keep a puther  
By new Oaths to outswear the other.

No means for health my Nurse omits,  
And still I have my wonted fits.  
We ask the Wiseman, he replying  
Can any better come of Lying?  
The Gods are on thy side; In thee  
To be so kind what can they see?  
But so it is — and I must buckle,  
Under thy Foot-stool for to truckle.  
Since 'tis my Fate thou must be mine,  
I'll say no more but I am thine.

My Mother now does understand me,  
How with an Apple you trapan'd me.  
What I have said in this Condition  
I fear I've gone beyond Commission,  
And said already more to thee,  
Then what becoms my Modesty.

But



*BURLESQVED.* 163

But lately since I took my portion,  
And now I find a sudden Motion.  
Be true, and set thy heart at rest,  
I'll say no more, few words are best:

*F I N I S.*



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